TWOPENCE.
Vol. LV.
1440.

THEY MURDER MARRIAGE! SEE PAGE 7.

JOHN BULL

If you're rundown you're asking for Influenza

ASK your doctor and he will tell you that Influenza mostly attacks people who are already rundown. The really fit it passes by.

So if you are feeling rundown, if you've been working too hard, had extra strain or worry, be careful. You are not only likely to get Influenza, but if you do, you will suffer very badly.

Pick up your strength and vigour and vitality again this simple way. Just take two or three glasses of Wincarnis a day: one about 11.30 in the morning, another in the afternoon, a third at bedtime.

It's really astonishing how quickly you'll improve if you take Wincarnis. The first delicious glass you take—and it is delicious—you will feel new life and vigour stealing through your veins. You will sleep better than you have for months, because Wincarnis soothes your irritated nerves. You will wake up refreshed and invigorated. You will eat with a better appetite and digestion. You will have a keener zest for work and pleasure.

There are no drugs in Wincarnis. It is simply the purest of fine wine with all the valuable properties of 2½ lbs. of grapes added to the strengthening elements of the best beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts. It is much more than a stimulant; it creates rich new blood and builds up permanent reserves of strength and vigour.

Over 20,000 recommendations have been given by medical men who have proved the value of Wincarnis in all cases of neurasthenia, anæmia, debility, weakness, convalescence and run-down conditions generally. Can you afford to neglect such an amazing testimonial?

At all wine merchants, licensed grocers or chemists, 5/6 and 3/3 the bottle.

If you prefer to try a couple of glasses before you buy, send 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman and Company, Ltd., Dept. 165, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

WINCARNIS

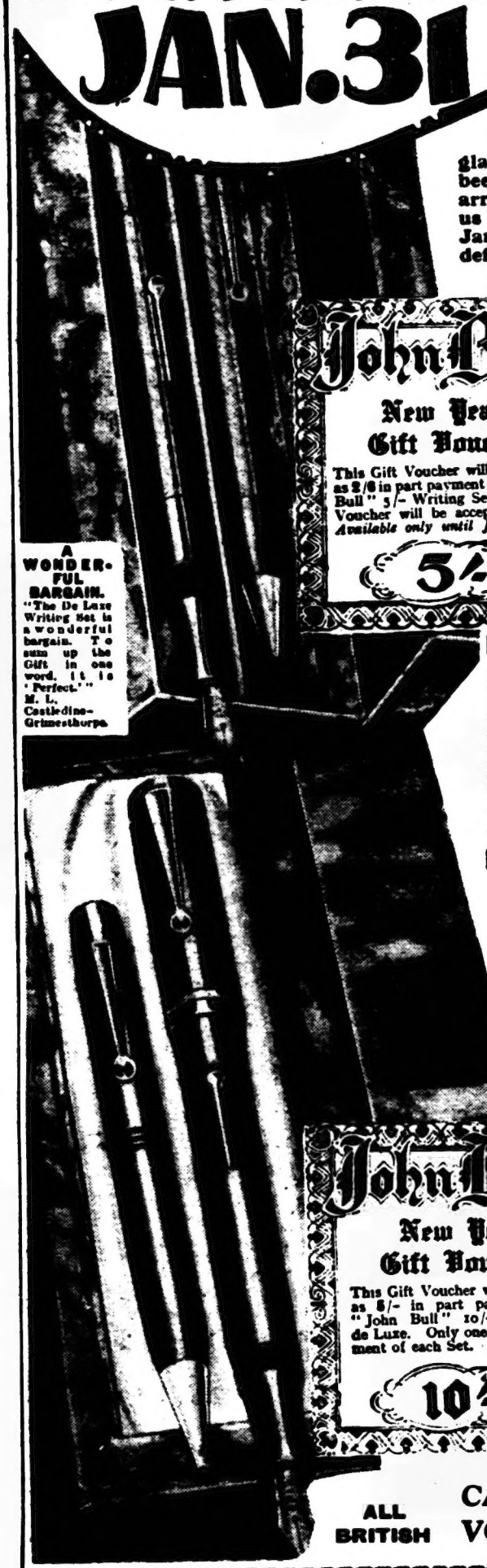
THE WINE OF LIFE

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists and Licensed Grocers. Price 5/6 and 3/3.

Have you seen the Wincarnis Jelly Cups? Ask your grocer about them!

"JOHN BULL'S" NEW YEAR GIFT TO YOU!

OFFER DEFINITELY CLOSES JAN. 31



In view of the overwhelming popularity of our Gift Offer this season, we are glad to announce that we have been successful in making arrangements which will enable us to extend the offer until January 31st, when it will be definitely withdrawn.

DON'T BE TOO LATE

A WONDERFUL BARGAIN. "The De Luxe Writing Set is a wonderful bargain. To sum up the Gift in one word, it is 'Perfect.'" M. L., Castledine-Grimesthorpe.

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher — VALUE 2/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. *Available only until January 31, 1934.*

5/- for 2/6

FREE 2/6 GIFT VOUCHER

A Free 2/6 Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" Famous 5/- Writing Set. The handsome chasing of the Pen, superb finish, latest self-filling device and 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, all indicate the outstanding quality of this Set. **Two-year written guarantee with each pen.** The "Everpointed" Pencil, fitted with propel-repel-expel movement, matches the pen to perfection.

FREE 5/- GIFT VOUCHER

A Free 5/- Gift Voucher will be accepted as 5/- cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 10/- Writing Set De Luxe. Admire the graceful streamline of the Pen, the inlaid rolled-gold band, the lever self-filling device also of rolled gold. The Pen, which is unbreakable, has a heavy 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. The "Everpointed" Pencil to match, fitted with propel-repel-expel movement, has the same beautiful streamline and is complete with pocket clip and extra leads; this set is enclosed in a sumptuous butterfly-tinted Presentation Case. **Written Five-Year Guarantee accompanies each set.**

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher — VALUE 5/-

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 5/- in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Writing Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. *Available only until January 31, 1934.*

10/- for 5/-

ALL BRITISH CASH YOUR GIFT VOUCHER TO-DAY!

John Bull's New Year Gift Coupon.

To "JOHN BULL," Pen Dept. (J.10), 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value **2/6** which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" **5/-** Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for **2/6**, plus **3d.** for postage and insurance, making **2/9** in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value **5/-** which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" **10/-** Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for **5/-**, plus **3d.** for postage and insurance, making **5/3** in all.

CROSS OUT GIFT NOT REQUIRED.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Fine—medium—broad nib (cross out grades not required). Cross Cheque/P.O. / & Co. / and make payable to "John Bull." 20.1.34.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES of the FAMOUS "TWILIGHT" READICUT RUG WOOLS CUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE.

Buy the BEST Rug Wools DIRECT FROM THE MILLS and make a BETTER Rug at nearly HALF the cost. Write for FREE SAMPLES AND

FREE RUG BOOK containing 50 new Rug designs in full colours. Send p.c. (1d. stamp).

READICUT WOOL Co. Ltd. Dept. J.B., Bassett Yorks.

FROM 1/- PER LB

3½ Valve 3 Wave RADIO SET

I offer the finest ALL-BRITISH Wireless Sets, at bargain prices, including Battery and All-Mains Receivers. Any Set sent ON APPROVAL, PACKED FREE & CARRIAGE PAID. Write now for my beautifully illustrated Art Catalogue.

CASH or EASY TERMS

WIRELESS SPECIALISTS est. 2 COVENTRY

WRITE FOR LIST

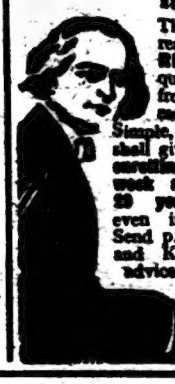
THIS WILL KEEP YOUR BOYS AT HOME

Let your boys play Riley Billiards and they won't want to go out at nights. 5/- down brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid, on 7 days' free trial. Balances monthly. Write to-day for Art List.

Write to-day for free Art List.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Accrington: or Dept. 38, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1. Rileys are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

A GOOD PIANIST is Always Welcome



There is a way to become a really **FINE PIANIST** and **GOOD READER.** I will teach you quickly and enjoyably BY POST from ordinary music (no freakish methods). No practice drudgery. Simple, interesting Training that you shall give delight wherever you go. I am enrolling 50-100 adult pupils every week and have taught 34,000 during 29 years. I CAN TEACH YOU even if you do not know a note. Send p.c. for free Book, "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard," and form for free advice. Say if Beginner, Elementary, Moderate, or Advanced.

Mr. H. BECKER (Dept. 189), 69, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

1934 CAN MEAN EXTRA MONEY TO YOU!

Associated Warehouses—J. D. Williams & Co., Ltd. of Manchester. Established 1875. British to the backbone—60 years' reputation for honourable dealings and sending over 3,000,000 parcels and packets annually.

Directors:

E. C. and W. P. Williams.

WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES Charles Street MANCHESTER, 1

SIMPLY fill in your name and address on the Coupon below and post it in an unsealed envelope with a ½d. stamp affixed for full particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs—it can mean from £2 up to £5 and more to you.

"Worldwide" Clubs are a happy opportunity for you to earn in a few minutes of your spare time each week a good Commission and Profit-share in an easy and pleasant way. *You also benefit your friends*—they buy direct from the Warehouse on the very simple terms of 1/- weekly, and at Warehouse prices, saving them from 5/- to 10/- in the £, Boots and Shoes, Ladies' and Men's Wear, Fashions, Furniture, Crockery and Household Goods of every description.

Don't miss this opportunity which many thousands enjoy—add to your income at the friendliest hobby in the world—no samples to carry or selling to do; no experience or capital required. POST THE COUPON TO-DAY for illustrated Bargain Catalogue and full particulars—free and without obligation.

To WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES, Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

Please send me free and without obligation your Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs, showing how I can earn from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

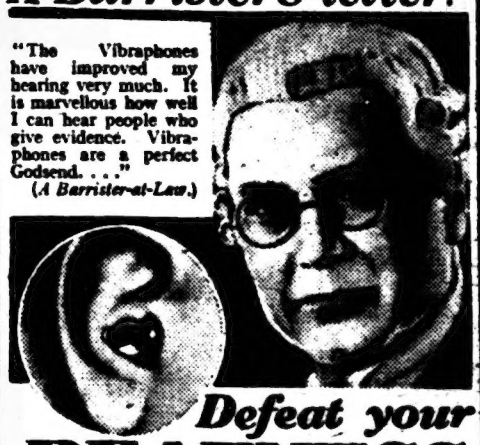
NAME M. .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

J.B.20 .....
(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required).

A Barrister's letter:-

"The Vibraphones have improved my hearing very much. It is marvellous how well I can hear people who give evidence. Vibraphones are a perfect Godsend. . . ."
(A Barrister-at-Law.)



Defeat your DEAFNESS with the VIBRAPHONE

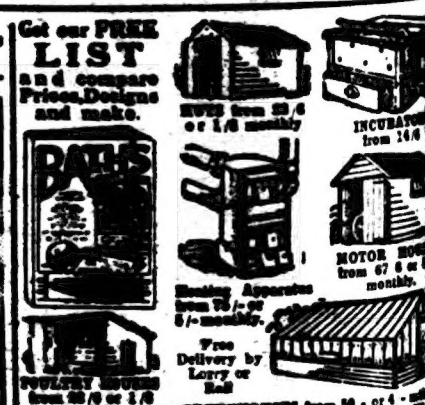
Barristers must weigh every word . . . so they have to HEAR every word. The Vibraphone enables them to. See the letter above, and take steps to

TEST FOR ONE MONTH

the power of the Vibraphone. It defeats deafness. The Vibraphone is almost invisible in use, and quite safe. No batteries, non-electrical, no wires or other attachments. Write or call for Booklet and details of Trial Offer.

VIBRAPHONE CO., 16, Triumph House, 189, Regent St., London. *'Phone: Regent 5630*

Get our FREE LIST and compare Prices, Designs and make.



BATHS from 25/- or 1/6 monthly

INCUBATORS from 14/6

POULTRY HOUSES from 25/6 or 1/6 monthly

Heating Apparatus from 75/- or 5/- monthly.

MOTOR HOUSES from 67/6 or 6/- monthly.

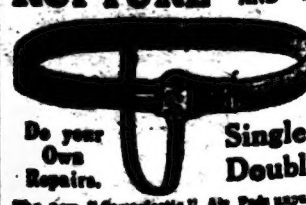
Free Delivery by Lorry or Rail

GREENHOUSES from 50/- or 4/- monthly.

BATH'S, 2-7, Southampton St., Strand, London, W.C.2

RUPTURE

ELASTIC TRUSSES AND APPLIANCES



Any style. No extra charge for large sizes.

Do your Own Repairs.

Single 12/6
Double 17/-

The new "Gamphastic" Air Pads unpenetrable. Best Quality elastic Webbing and Spare Parts supplied for any kind of Elastic Truss. Money returned if not satisfied. **FREE TRUSSES** for National Health insured persons. Send for illustrated Price List and measurement form POST FREE.

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POWERFUL 3v. RADIO

2/- WEEKLY or reduced price for Cash **75/-**

Sent all ready to switch on for 8/- down. Balance 8/- monthly. British made. Complete with Loud Speaker, Valves, Accumulator and Batteries in Fine Walnut Cabinet. Post your Order with 8/- deposit NOW or

SEND P.C. for BIG FREE BOOK.

ECLIPSE RADIOPHONES (Dept. 3B.), 277, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 10

STORE SHEDS

Design Z.H. From **8/9** MONTHLY

SUTCLIFFE'S

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 24/-

Reg. Wide. High. Cash or 12 payments.
4ft. 6ft. £2 1 0 3/9
6ft. 8ft. £2 18 0 5/4
7ft. 6ft. £4 4 0 7/9

Send for Free Catalogue. Sheds, Summer Houses, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Aviaries, &c.

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles. Built in 6 strong, perfect fitting sections; easily the best value! Carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

A. H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Holden Bridge, Yorks.
London Showrooms—40-42, Oxford Street, W.1.

IF YOU ARE EXPECTING A BABY

I CAN SAVE YOU TIME, TROUBLE AND MONEY, A COMPLETE HOME-MADE LAYETTE.

30/-

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long clothes

75 delightful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Robes, Lawn or Winsey Day Gowns, Flannelette, Hand-Knit Woollies, Matinée Coats, Trunk Sets, Binders, Turk. Napkins, etc., etc.

ANOTHER DELIGHTED PURCHASER WRITES:— "I have never made a practice of 'Shopping by post,' but in this instance I have secured a wonderful bargain."

Expectant Mothers! SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. B. Howard, 48, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

GIGANTIC SALE

£10,800 STOCK TO BE CLEARED

A real Money-saving Opportunity, and one that may never occur again.

Guaranteed Cycles - 53/6
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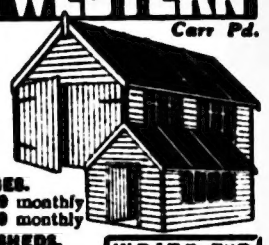
Guar. Tyres, 1/9. Dynamo Lamps, 6/3. Capes, 3/11. Handlebar Mirrors, 6½d. Waterproof Helmets, 8d. Chains, 1/8. Stupendous value in Wireless Sets. Watches, 2/4½d. Trouser Pressers, 1/6. Hundreds of other eye-openers.

Sale Catalogue sent FREE.

SPECIAL GIFT. A Spanner to fit all cycle nuts FREE if 1d. stamp is sent for postage.

MOORHOUSES, Dept. 89, Padiham, Lancs.

SOUTH WESTERN



GARAGES & SHEDS made with electric tools from seasoned timber. Each section dead accurate, hence easy to erect. Complete with roofing felt, bolts, etc., etc.

SUPER GARAGES.
10' x 7' 106/- or 9/9 monthly
14' x 8' 150/- or 13/9 monthly

SUPER GARDEN SHEDS.
6' x 4' 41/- or 3/9 monthly.
8' x 5' 68/- or 5/4 monthly.
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WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

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OVER 1,500,000 LISTENERS use a PIX

because it separates those stations that overlap each other.

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Get rid of that annoying muziness that spoils local reception. Just FIX a PIX in your aerial lead. You will be surprised how sharply your set tunes and delighted at the number of new stations you can hear clearly. Try one to-day. Send us 2/-, if you are not completely satisfied return it to us within 7 days for full refund. BRITISH PIX CO., Ltd., London, S.E.1.

2/- With Hardy Holder **2/6**

MORE MONEY for LIVE AGENTS

OFFERING OUR 6d CLUB CARDS!

This is the greatest spare-time offer ever made, and the easiest and simplest method of adding to your income. Everybody wants our 6d. Club Cards which can be exchanged for full value in Goods as shown in our Beautifully Illustrated Art Coloured Catalogue.

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Every Agent paid LIBERAL COMMISSION, and WE PAY POSTAGES. SPECIAL BONUSES TO AGENTS. WE GUARANTEE our goods to give full satisfaction.

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Hundreds of different lines for home and family. We supply only the best—Boots, Shoes, Clothing, Household and Fancy Goods, Watches, Clocks, Sports, Games, Toys, Radio, etc.

Free Competitions for Agents and Weekly Club News.

WRITE FOR COMPLETE DETAILS NOW

JOHN MASSEY & SONS, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.)
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Please send me details explaining how, as your Agent, I can make substantial sums in my spare time, also forward me your illustrated Catalogue.

NAME .....
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Post in unsealed envelope (½d. Stamp) J.B.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

PUNCHBOARDS!

The best money-making proposition ever offered the public.

If you want funds for Charity Clubs or any other purpose let the Punchboard help you. A 1,000-hole board costs 7/- post free and yields £3.9.10 profit at 1d. per punch, and £4.17.6 at 2½d. per punch. Agents working our special **PROFIT SHARING** plan are making £5 to £10 weekly on this board alone. WHY NOT YOU? Write us for further information.

SAMPLE 100-HOLE BOARD and price list POST FREE **2/3**

BURDON HUNTER,
Punchboard Specialist,
Dept. 46.J, Camomile St. Chambers, London, E.C.3. TRADE SUPPLIED

2-2-0 VALUE FOR 9/6

WRIST WATCH 18 ct. PLATED WARRANTED 10 YEARS

Another Colossal Purchase of closing Swiss factory's entire stock enables us to offer this genuine Geneva jewelled lady's 18 ct. plated expanding bracelet watch—made for the Australian market to be sold at £2 2s.—direct from us at a price which we, as expert valuers, know to be a world-wide achievement ranking us as the **British House for Amazing Bargains.** 9/6, post 6d. Warranted 10 years. **Gent's square model same price.** Send NOW!

9/6 POST 6D

AIRCRAFT WATCH DISTRIBUTORS (Dept. J.B.C.5), 87, New Oxford St., W.C.1
(Opposite Glave's) *Second Floor.*

SALE! ONE-THIRD USUAL COST!

FREE! 2 PAIRS MEN'S FANCY HOSE TO ADVERTISE OUR CATALOGUE.

1,500 Pairs Smart Weather-Resisting Shoes with uppers of exact appearance of imitation grained leather. Black or Brown. Stout rubber soles to give amazingly long wear. Solid rubber heels. Wide Welts. Full protection guaranteed against rain and snow. Seamless lining for comfort.

8/3 and 9d. for postage and packing. Note actual saving. Usual price 12/6.

Men's Sizes 6 to 11. Ladies' and Children's same price.

Satisfaction or Money Back. C.O.D. if preferred.

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Choose a 1934 Wireless. Improved far in advance of all others.

FROM £3:10:0 CASH OR TERMS

Free trial willingly. Packed Free and Carriage Paid. Send a P.C. for the most "talked of" catalogue ever published—it's Free.

Chas. T. Robey Ltd.
WIRELESS WAREHOUSE, DEPT D, COVENTRY.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

9/6

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/6, carriage 1/- ex., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Brussolette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 20 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. *Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.*

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The New HARMONICA

ONLY 3/6

LIKE A PIANO ACCORDION

The latest craze sweeping the Country. Harmonica Bands being formed everywhere. Get yours to-day and delight your friends at song and dance parties. Easy to learn and can be carried in pocket. This new model double-sided, 80 reeds, tremolo tuned, has almost carrying power and beauty of tone of the massive Italian Piano Accordions.

LLOYD & CO.,
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JAN. SALE!

2 White Woolly Blankets 90×70
2 Good Strong Sheets 90×70
2 White Pillow Slips 30×18
1 White Bolster Case 58×20
1 Art Printed Bedspread
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
1 Art. Silk and Corded Cushion Cover
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs

CARR. FREE. **20/-** CASH or C.O.D.

or single bed size 17/6.

A LOVELY WADDED DOWN **QUILT FREE** also, if cash with order.

Coloured Bordered Under Blanket.

PATON MILL Co., Dept. A, 73-75, Cannon Street, MANCHESTER, 4.

SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

AIRCRAFT SMASH-PROOF WATCH WARRANTED 10 YEARS

We offer you a 12/6 Gent's Watch at the astounding reduced price of **9/6** (post 6d.) to advertise our **AIRCRAFT** indestructible watches with handsome Chromium plated case scientifically shaped to fit snugly to wrist. Unbreakable glass. Extra superfine Swiss Shock-proof Lever Movement, fully luminous or silver dial. Complete with **FREE GIFT** of 7/6 Chrome Mesh Slip-on Bracelet. 18-ct. Plated Watch and Bracelet 15/-, post 6d. Ladies' Exhibition Model with opal dial a little larger than threepenny piece, 15/-, post 6d. Money back if dissatisfied. Immediate dispatch guaranteed.

9/6 POST 6d. **FREE!** 7/6 U.S.A. SPECIAL SELLING BRACELET — AS WORN BY FILM STARS

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A WARM LINING FOR COLD DAYS

7½D. PER PKT. Sold by Bakers and Grocers everywhere.

Cold days sap stamina (especially in children) and increase liability to infection. See that your family starts the day with Allinson 3 minute Scotch Oats—the finest stamina food. Compare it for price and value—you will buy it regularly, and save the coupons for generous gifts. Write for illustrated Free Gift List to Allinson Ltd., (Dept. O.B.), 210 Cambridge Road, E.2.

allinson 3 MINUTE SCOTCH OATS

Thorns Great OPPORTUNITY SALE

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS

2/3 DOWN only **2/6**

Free! Sale Book Write Today No. 46

A NOVICE CAN ERECT

DON'T HESITATE to secure one of these Useful Garden Sheds. They are Ideal for Storage, Cycles, Workshops, Potting Sheds, etc. So easy to erect, too! You can screw the sections together in half an hour. Rain-proof and Draught-proof, planed Moulded Weatherboards, roofing felt, glass—all complete—delivered Free or sent carriage paid in England and Wales.

SPAN ROOF TYPE.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Sale Price.	Deposit.	Monthly
4ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£1.14.0	2/6	3/-
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	2. 1.0	3/6	3/6
8ft.	5ft.	6ft.	2.12.0	4/6	5/6
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(Sec 66). Brampton Rd., Bexley Heath, Kent.

J. THORN & SONS, LTD.

START A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

£1,720 PROFIT IN FIRST YEAR

You can start a Mail Order Business quite simply by the "Hand" System. Invented by Charles Hand, Founder and Controller of the world-famous Mail Order House, of Hand and Co., 186, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2, who made in the first year net profits £1,720/11/2. One advertisement costing 7/- brought in £343. Write for free Folder "How to Start a Mail Order Business" to

(F.), HAND & CO.,
186, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.
Mention "J.B." & enclose 1½d. stamp.

★"—the least injurious to the throat of any Cigarettes I have tried"

THE NAME 'CRAVEN' ON CIGARETTES OR TOBACCO IS A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

★ *From an Edinburgh Smoker of Craven "A". His original letter can be verified at Arcadia Works.*

"For some years now I have smoked your Craven "A" cigarettes as I have a somewhat troublesome throat and I must say that they are the least injurious to the throat of any cigarette I have tried. There is another reason, however, which has maintained my preference for Craven "A"—"they do not stain the fingers" and I suggest . . . . that you should make use of this fact in your advertisements."

SEALED-FRESH
SOLD-FRESH
10 for 6d
20 for 1/-
CORK-TIPPED
100% VIRGINIA

CRAVEN "A"

Made specially to prevent sore throats

"John Bull," 20/1/34.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

For week ending Saturday, January 20, 1934. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams: Heroically, London

Without Fear or Favour

COFFIN SHIPS—*Startling Facts*

TWO and a half million tons of cargo shipping is laid up in the ports and estuaries of Britain. Most of it has been lying there for three or four years, stark and dismal testimony to the ruthlessness of foreign maritime competition and the paralysis of international trade.

In recent weeks, however, there has been a perceptible stir among these idle fleets. The forward movement in industry all over the world has called not a few of the ships back to service, and officers and seamen who have been out of work for long periods are clamouring to be in the vanguard of the new trade Armada.

The activity is not confined to ships with definite charters or sailing-orders. Owners of other vessels at the mooring places are having them made ready to go out on what they hope will be a steadily rising tide of prosperity.

In what condition will these ships go back to sea?

Is it the case that when they do so the crews of a large number of them will be gambling with death on each voyage?

These questions are not asked without good reason. They are prompted both by certain recent incidents and some disturbing reports which have reached John Bull from the seaports.

Of course, every ship that returns to commission will sail with a brand new certificate of seaworthiness. But is that certificate to be trusted now as it once was, when it represented the highest possible guarantee of safety to sailors and shippers alike?

Alarming allegations

That is *not*—if credit is given to only some of the things that are being freely said among practical men at the ports to-day.

The statements being made are too numerous, too definite, and too serious to be ignored. They are, in effect, that a large proportion of the tramp and coastal steamers of this country are unsound in consequence either of deterioration while laid up or of neglect to execute essential repairs while in use.

Worse still, it is alleged, the surveying of the ships is not now being carried out with the thoroughness and care required by Statute and humane considerations, and that the ordinary limits of risk have been left far behind.

People who speak with a sense of responsibility, and who are intimate observers of happenings in the mercantile marine, even declare that in many cases the surveying of the smaller non-passenger ships has become a kind of mere formality, those entrusted with the work signing and issuing the certificates sometimes upon assurances given to them verbally by the agents of the owners.

The blind eye

THESE are drastic statements to come from men who are in closest touch with the affairs of the shipping world.

The implications are so serious—the menace to life so apparent—that it is scarcely conceivable that the President of the Board of Trade will not now institute a rigid investigation of the reasons for these ominous reports.

It is somewhat remarkable, however, that of late the Board of Trade has revealed some timidity and reluctance in enquiring openly into disasters of the sea. The Department has been satisfied with routine investigation inside its offices, whereas the known circumstances in which ships and their crews have perished seemed to demand deep and public probing.

Possible future disasters may be averted if the Board of Trade alters this policy and confronts the truly alarming position which is outlined in what has become the common talk of the shipping centres.

It is bad enough if, as is disclosed, so many ships in service are in rotten condition, and those which are now being prepared to return to sea have become unsafe owing to disuse. But the gravity of the matter is intensified by a further charge.

This is that perhaps seventy-five per cent. of British cargo steamers, owing to economy measures in the past few years, have become seriously undermanned in the complements of able seamen in their crews.

Not only is there undermanning. Shipowners are also substituting mere lads for experienced deckhands.

When disaster does come, therefore, upon an ill-found ship, the chance of her crew escaping is infinitesimal. The reductions in the number of able seamen and the substitution of young labour are declared to be so great that there are not enough of them in the vessels concerned to lower and man lifeboats in sudden emergency.

Still another allegation which requires sifting by the Board of Trade is that the officers of cargo steamers do not now make known to the owners defects which jeopardise the safety of the ships, themselves, and the crews.

In some cases, it is said, the officers are even intimidated against making known faults in the structure of vessels which come to their notice. If they do so, they may expect to have to look for employment elsewhere.

A very real form of intimidation is certainly being practised against seamen who dare to protest against what they conscientiously believe to be the unsafe condition of ships for which they sign articles.

Facts are in the possession of John Bull which show that two members of a crew made declarations against the state of a ship before it sailed on a recent voyage, upon which it foundered and the whole crew perished. The statements of the men were communicated to the Board of Trade, but that Department refused to intervene on the ground that the vessel had been supplied with a certificate of seaworthiness.

"We are waiting . . ."

THE two sailors, both of long experience, refused to sail. The Ministry of Labour thereupon decided not to pay them unemployment benefit, no account being taken of their reasons for refusing nor of the fact that if they had left with the ship, they, too, would have been drowned.

The average tramp or coastal steamer is not the embodiment of trimness and safety in foul weather, and the men who win their bread from this class of ship do not ordinarily squeal or protest until they sincerely believe that they and their mates are being needlessly exposed to unusual peril.

Unquestionably there is cause for apprehension in the seaports of the country to-day. We await now an announcement by the Board of Trade as to what measures it proposes to take to allay or remove it.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

A Ruinous Trap for the House-Buyer

ALL over the country people are being victimised by a particularly mean and cruel housing trick.

Thousands of small wage-earners and others have been persuaded to buy houses on the instalment plan on the express understanding that they would not have to pay road charges.

Many of them are now finding that this assurance was worthless; they are being compelled to pay large sums that cripple them financially and in some cases force them to sell up their homes.

They were assured, too, that the builders would properly make up their roads; yet in some districts the roads are so dangerous as to be a menace to life and limb.

Roads to bathe in!

We will quote, as a typical example, the shocking state of affairs in one great new estate in the Midlands.

There a hundred and more tenant-owners of houses received the builders' undertaking that they would not be liable to road charges and that the roads would be made up.

Though the estate was commenced several years ago, the roads are still in so disgraceful a condition that the tenants have had to ask the local council to take them over. Some have pot-holes filled with enough water to bathe in

But the council's road charges amount to at least £40 for each house; some corner houses are being levied as much as £250!

Faced with ruin

We can tell, too, of a big London suburb where the tenants, after receiving a similar assurance, are now faced with charges as high as £200.

They cannot demand that the builders should pay, for the builders have gone bankrupt. Many of them, therefore, are faced with ruin.

And that is the situation on scores of new estates.

Carrying the baby

We need hardly say that reputable building societies and building firms invariably honour their obligations. The trouble is caused by the many small and unsound companies that sprung into existence when the need for houses became acute.

They saw an easy chance of making money at the expense of the small man who naturally wanted to own his house; they bamboozled him with glowing phrases and worthless promises—and then handed him the road-charges baby he didn't want.

The best advice

We fear we see no remedy for these unfortunate victims.

We can only advise all would-be house purchasers to shun the mushroom builder and to deal with reputable firms and building societies. And let us invite them to "write to JOHN BULL about it" whenever difficulty arises.

Ambiguous

We should like to award a putty medal to Field-Marshal Lord Milne for the most muddle-headed pronouncement of the week.

After saying there is too much talk about war, he adds that "if young men are properly taught in military subjects and properly taught as boys they will know what war means, and they will be able to do much to avoid it."

As he said this at a meeting of school-boy cadets, he presumably thinks that the proper way to teach boys is to train them as soldiers. We *don't* think.

Where food is cheap

We can imagine what housewives thought when they read about the great catches of sprats that had to be dumped back into the sea at Southend for lack of buyers.

One boat with ten tons of fish managed to sell them for manure at £1 a ton. Other boats let children help themselves and then tipped the rest of the catches overboard.

Still hungry

We fear that is merely a typical instance of the craziness in which we live.

We know that thousands of families are living on the edge of starvation because they can't buy food. We know that thousands more are in the same plight because they can't sell it—farmers, fishermen, cattle raisers.

And, most crazy of all, our Government thinks the solution can be found by making food still dearer and making the unemployed tighten their belts!

Good for profiteers

But we know of one section of the community that benefits by all this.

The landowners are chuckling; they intend to use the raising of prices as an excuse for raising the farmers' rents.

They calculate that the Milk Scheme, which aims at giving the farmer a better deal, will enable them to demand an extra £2 an acre. Much of the £30,000,000 that the taxpayer has paid in beet sugar subsidies has found its way into their pockets.

Money for nothing

So we are not surprised that they want the Government to restrict meat supplies still further and thus raise prices.

Nor are we surprised that landlords in the towns are making a fine thing out of slum-clearance plans.

Councils that want to rehouse their slum citizens are being held to ransom: Birmingham must pay £2,000 an acre for one site, which will put an extra £120 on the cost of each house built.

The action we want

We warned the Government, long ago, that this would happen.

We say again there is only one remedy—and an easy one.

Let the scheme for a fair land values tax be brought down from the shelf and put in operation at once!

Impossible rents

There is another abominable business that we must attack once more.

We have already told how many tenants on the L.C.C. estate at Peckham have been jailed for non-payment of rates. Scores of them are now faced with eviction for the same reason.

But how on earth can they pay? Half of them are out of work, and they must pay rents of 25s. or 28s.

It was good of the L.C.C. to move them from the slums into decent flats, but just rotten to charge them exorbitant rents and, when they can't pay, throw them into the the street.

Do-nothing remedy

They do things differently at Scarborough. There 1,400 names are on the waiting-list for houses. One man has had his name down for ten years and he's still waiting, though perhaps not very hopefully.

The council has just decided to remedy this sorry state of affairs.

By building houses? Not at all—by closing the waiting-list!

Ambulance disgrace

Equally slow to move, it seems, are other authorities in Yorkshire.

For a local councillor complains that repeated calls for the ambulance brought no response when two men were injured near Saddleworth, and they lay by the roadside for nearly an hour before the ambulance turned out.

"A disgrace to any public body," the councillor comments. We have been saying that for a long time, but many public bodies appear to think otherwise.

Shocking error

We must mention, too, another terrible hospital blunder.

Two men named Goldsborough and Downing died in Rotherham hospital. Mr. Goldsborough was buried in the name of Mr Downing, and in the grave that contained the body of Mr. Downing's child. And the body of Mr. Downing was taken to the other man's home!

We cannot find the slightest excuse for such outrageous mistakes. It should be impossible for them to happen.

Object-lesson

And while we are on a rather doleful subject let us mention the stainless steel coffin that cost £100.

A poor old Irish roadmender has been interred in it. His rich brother sent it from America when he heard that the roadmender was ill, and the freight charges and customs duties came to £40.

Pitiful, isn't it? Think of the comforts the price of that coffin could have brought him—and do your good turns while people can enjoy them.

Just ordinary!

A man who is prompt to do his good turns is Francis Bates, a Scarborough fisherman. One dark night, the lines fouled his boat's propeller. There was danger of the boat drifting, but Bates stripped off his clothes and went over board to clear the obstruction.

He succeeded, but the propeller suddenly started and badly gashed him. Fortunately, his companions managed to haul him aboard and rushed him to hospital.

"Nothing out of the ordinary," was how Bates described the affair. Perhaps not, but we might think of the fishermen like him on dark nights.

Helpful publicity

We shall also record the name of John Henry Moody chiefly because he doesn't want us to.

This Leeds man, when fined £8 for allowing an employee to drive a motor wagon with a defective tyre and inefficient brakes, tried to intimidate the Press into hushing the matter up. Then it was revealed that he had already seventy-four convictions!

We think Mr. Moody would have regretted his impudence had we been on the Bench.

Shameful sentence

But we can't accuse the Hereford Bench of erring on the side of leniency, and we hope the Home Office will review some of their sentences very carefully.

One boy, charged with petty theft, has been sent to a reformatory for three years, though it was his first offence.

The new Children's Act will soon become a dead letter if such monstrous sentences are allowed to be imposed.

Magistrates we like

And we fear there are few magistrates quite so considerate as those at Kingston, who held a special night sitting to deal with a child offender.

The boy's father had just found work after being unemployed for some time, and the Bench didn't want to prejudice his position by making him attend court at the usual time.

The boy was put on probation; the father bound over as his surety. In other words, those magistrates were both wise and kindly.

The wrong way

An outbreak of scarlet fever at Seckford, near Stafford, has drawn attention to the curious practice of the village schoolmaster.

He expects his pupils to pick up litter on their way to school, and parents are naturally complaining that the youngsters run the risk of infection by handling dirty paper and other rubbish.

We hate litter as much as anyone, but that effort to stop it is just dangerous.

Delay worth while

We are glad the Recorder of London has sent Phillip Earle to four years' penal servitude for robbing an elderly widow.

Earle's real name is Maurice Ball, and we fully exposed him four years ago when he was posing as a clergyman.

Safety last

We were amazed by a case from Thurcroft, in Yorkshire. Police visited a kinema in which three hundred people were watching a performance, found the operating room in charge of a boy of thirteen!

And in the re-winding room a boy of fifteen was working.

We think this gross disregard for public safety—and the attempt to exploit cheap labour—deserved a bigger fine than £20.

Loughboro's free meals

We stated in our issue of January 6, while discussing the provision of free meals to poor children in Loughborough, that about three out of every four children examined by the school doctor were suffering from malnutrition.

This statement was attributed to Dr. B. B. Barrow, but we learn that Dr. Barrow actually pointed out that the doctor found only twenty-six cases of malnutrition during the past year, an average of three or four a visit.

Another Ambulance Disgrace

Outrage on the Hungry

The ruinous "Baby" house-buyers shouldn't be left to carry

They MURDER Marriage . .

by LADY STAMP

(wife of the famous Railway Magnate)

Friends of the bride — but they may prove enemies to her wedded happiness.—A film study

THE greater freedom that is permitted to young married people to-day may have its advantages; but, on the other hand, it has innumerable perils. For it increases tenfold the number of rocks on which marriages that might well have been successful can be shipwrecked.

Every day one hears and reads of cases in which too much freedom for the husband and wife—freedom to lead almost separate lives, with separate interests—has caused disaster. Every day one sees young people drifting apart, sowing the seeds of future divorce, because their manner of using the freedom which modern life offers them does not permit them to weld their interests into that one great mutual interest which is essential to all successful marriages.

Most of the rocks of marriages are built on excess of freedom. And one of the most perilous rocks to-day is the freedom of husbands to retain their women friends after marriage, and of wives to keep their men friends.

I know it sounds an ideal arrangement; but it is not a practical one. It is full of dangers. It leads in the end to doubt, jealousy, irritation and anger.

For among these pre-marriage friends there are always one or more woman friends of the husband, or one or more men friends of the wife, whom the other party to the marriage for some reason does not like.

Now dislike leads to fear and suspicion.

If a husband dislikes a wife's man friend he will begin to see him in a sinister light. He will exaggerate the characteristics which he does not like; he will read into that man's character other qualities which he may not possess, but which his biased imagination creates out of his dislike. And so with dislike grows suspicion and fear, and the first seeds of drift may be sown.

As with a husband's woman friends, so with a wife's man friends. Friendships in marriage should be mutual friendships. Only the other day a lawyer in a court case illustrated the perils of separate friendships when he said, "The petitioner had his own friends, the wife her own also—and over these friends the first disagreements occurred." But for those separate friendships, that husband and wife might still be living happily together.

Young cowards

Separate friendships of the opposite sex tend to destroy mutual interests between husbands and wives. A wife's man friend is bound to have interests which he develops in his woman friend, but which are not shared by her husband. So begins the drift apart between husband and wife—a drift which if it is not checked in time may lead on to final separation.

Another of the rocks in the path of successful marriage is the greater facility for divorce to-day. So many young people now marry with the idea in their minds that, if their union is not a success, they can very easily get out of it.

Now, if you set out to accomplish anything, whether it is a business deal or a five-mile walk, you do not begin with the idea that you can back out half-way through. You know you have to see the thing through to the end. It must be the same with marriage. To begin with the idea of escape in your mind is to be half-beaten at the start.

Yet to-day one hears young women entering marriage say lightheartedly, "If we don't hit it off, we've agreed to part." They think they are being "honest" and "modern."

In reality they are being cowardly. They are preparing a way out of a situation in fear that they may not be able to meet the demands that marriage makes on their unselfishness; they are meeting trouble half-way, anticipating failure, instead of giving all their thoughts and determination to making marriage a success. If there were no "way out," they would be inclined to approach their obligations with thought and care.

The kinema and the dance hall are not usually regarded as rocks in the path of modern married life. Yet they can easily become so. An obsession for the dance hall and the kinema can become a drug instead of being what it should be—an occasional relaxation.

The young wife of to-day often develops a passion for one or the other of these drugs, and indulges in it to such an extent that her home life may be completely broken up. She will neglect her husband and family when she gets the dancing craze; she will sacrifice happiness for the sake of seeing her favourite film stars.

The art of right living is to enjoy everything that modern conditions offer, but to prevent the enjoyment of them becoming a habit.

When a pleasure becomes a habit, it turns into a drug and loses its charm. A man may smoke a cigar a day and enjoy it, but when he smokes twelve a day he no longer enjoys; a woman may dance once a week and be exhilarated, but when she dances every night the real exhilaration of dancing passes; she has contracted a habit, become addicted to a drug.

The dancing drug and the kinema drug ruin many a married life. Tired husbands cannot always share their wives' passion for dancing; they do not want to watch the emotional antics of film heroines half their spare time. Irritation, loneliness and resentment follow; in other words, another rock looms up.

Artificial stimulation

Then there is the question of children—here lies another rock. The tendency to limit families, or to have no family at all, is the cause of endless unhappiness.

It is the absence of children that drives so many young wives too often to the dance hall or the kinema. Dissatisfied minds, untouched by any tender or emotional appeal, seek artificial stimulation outside the home. The early years of marriage without children may be comparatively happy; but invariably a time comes when dissatisfaction and ennui set in, driving husband and wife to seek distractions outside the home. And unless they are the most perfect of companions, they will encounter rocks.

Often, it is true, the absence of children may be due to economic or housing conditions. The growth of flat life—existence in limited space—causes husbands and wives to limit their families, or to deny themselves altogether the joys of parenthood. A quarter of a century ago, when home-space was less limited, the family flourished; to-day, as the family decreases or is eliminated, the divorce lists grow longer.

I know that this defect in modern life cannot always be escaped; but I know also that many of the selfishnesses that have grown into married life to-day can be avoided by those who have the understanding and the will to make their marriages successful. For when we come down to fundamentals, most of the rocks of modern marriage are founded on selfishness. The passion for "freedom," for separate friendships, for an escape from family ties—all may be traced to selfishness, to a desire to take the easier path in the belief that it leads to happiness.

But happiness in marriage comes, not from taking the line of least resistance, but from meeting and undertaking the obligations that life imposes.

There are no short cuts to happiness.

The Good Angels in

Oasis in the desert of brick.. Muriel Lester on Kingsley Hall's roof garden

OF all those who hold sway over men, the most remarkable are surely the uncrowned kings and queens of slumland.

Theirs is no sinecure or figurehead form of rulership. One and all they have won their positions by sheer devotion and force of character, and they retain their power not from any official rank backed by civil authority, but from a certain sympathy and sincerity which gives them a hold on human hearts.

Not to many does Slumland call. Here is a life which means the renunciation of nearly everything the world has learnt to prize. Wealth, honours, ease, position, material comfort—all must be given up for a life of unremitting toil in the obscurity of some spiritual desert.

Those who choose such a life are not as other men. They ask for no reward but the sunshine they can bring into the darkness of dreary lives, and for the most part they shun publicity like the plague

Prominent among London's Good Samaritans is a doctor, who is known in nearly every poor home in Hoxton. For many a long year he has gone about his work, charging little or nothing for his services, until now he is regarded with love and reverence which amounts almost to awe. He is said to be the only man in Hoxton who can interfere between a quarrelling man and wife.

It is a strange thing, this urge which drives people in high positions to live and work among those whose habits and sympathies seem, at first sight, so foreign to their own.

There was Mary Lumsden, who came from a rich and distinguished Scottish family, but chose to live in a tenement dwelling in the Walworth Road, S.E., and become the confidante of thousands of poor people in the district.

Few London districts have a drearier sound than Poplar. Thirty years ago a young Wesleyan minister named Lax went down there after several predecessors in the ministry had failed. His first morning there he received about forty letters and postcards telling him bluntly that he was not wanted. His choir went on strike and the stewards stayed at home.

But Lax was quite undaunted. He spent his first three weeks paying calls or rather trying to, for he was not admitted into many houses. On the third Sunday he and his wife held the first of the famous open-air meetings by the East India Dock Gates.

Mrs. Lax played the harmonium and sang with her husband what was practically a duet. Eventually the meeting caught on. Within a few months when meetings were held the police had to control the traffic.

Lax has the human touch, and to-day he is the Uncrowned King of Poplar.

Thieves' den

He has been mayor, he has been presented to the King, his fame has spread all over Slumland. His word in many ways is law in his district. Sometimes to save a man from drink he has asked all the publicans in the neighbourhood not to serve him, and they have obeyed.

Absolutely fearless, he has often faced extraordinary dangers. Once he was asked to call on a dying woman at a certain house. Knocking quietly at the door on the second floor and walking in, he was immediately set upon by two desperate-looking men, one of whom banged the door to and locked it, while the other seized him by the throat and pointed a revolver at his head.

They accused him with oaths of being a police spy. On the table and dresser were the fruits of last night's work. Silver ornaments, watches, bangles and trinkets lay in heaps. It seemed to correspond to a big haul from a Strand jeweller's shop in that morning's papers.

Lax kept perfectly calm and refused to say anything until they had put the revolver away. Then, seeing a kettle on the hob, he coolly invited himself to tea and soon all three of them were frying herrings over the fire in a shovel.

The tension relaxed. They chatted for two hours and Lax tried to show them that burglary did not pay.

Two years later he ran into one of them in the Commercial Road and learned that he and his pal had both given up burglary. Not long afterwards Lax married him at his own request, and his wife, who had long been his sweetheart, confided to Lax that her husband had never been the same since the day when he had had that herring with him!

Men will do anything for Lax. Once he converted a coster, who soon afterwards brought a pal to his church to be converted too.

When Lax protested that he could not guarantee conversion, the coster seemed quite crestfallen. But presently he brightened up and remarked "Never mind, I've told him that if 'e isn't converted to-night I'll black 'is eye! Carry on, sir."

Nobody is ever refused help by Lax.

Some years ago one of the most notorious villains in Pennyfields was an elderly Chinaman named Sam Koo Ling. He kept a doss-house where opium smoking and gambling went on, and, according to rumour, he had stolen hundreds of pounds from his customers, even murdering them for their money.

The scandal became so great that the local Chinese decided to murder him, and one afternoon the notorious old blackguard waylaid Lax as he was passing and implored his assistance, assuring him that he was to be murdered that very night.

He took the minister down into a foul-smelling cellar and dug from the heaps of rubbish a large trunk. It was more than half full of sovereigns and half-sovereigns, and soon the inhabitants of Pennyfields were astonished to see the old Chinaman and the minister carrying it down to the bank on their shoulders.

On counting the hoard the bank manager was astonished to find that it amounted to just over £2,300! He told Lax in private that Sam Koo Ling had more crimes credited to him than almost any man in the metropolis.

But to save him from assassination the minister put him up at the Manse for five nights and even saw him aboard a ship bound for Hong Kong.

Black Hand Gang

Down in Bow are two social centres, Kingsley Hall and Children's House, which constitute a nursery school and clinic, clubs for children and adults, parents' associations and a host of other activities of a religious, social and educational character.

The founders are two sisters, Muriel and Doris Lester—both held in very high esteem by the folk of East London.

Some years ago Muriel Lester created a sensation by refusing a life annuity of £400 per annum from her father's estate, and by handing the sum over to "The Restitution Fund" controlled entirely by Bow working-class people. This fund spends most of its money in pro-

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REPRIEVE!

JOHN BULL is pleased to announce that arrangements have now been made to extend the offer of the magnificent Presentation Pen and Pencil Sets until January 31, after which date it will definitely be withdrawn.

Those who have not yet taken advantage of this offer should seize this one last chance. Turn now to page 2.

The Human Machine

'Ware *that* BOGEY!

ANYONE who does the same thing for too long at a stretch is apt to go stale. Anyone who either plays or works at the same thing without pause or rest comes, sooner or later, to the point when his skill and slickness desert him. That's what's meant by "going stale"—and the only remedy is either rest or change.

No machine will stand constant driving. Even machinery made of steel needs periodic rests, or it grows tired. How much more does a machine made of flesh and blood need such rests?

But there is a big difference between machines made of steel and machines made of flesh and blood. The former can only be cured by idleness. The latter can be cured by change of occupation. That is a difference very few people trouble to remember.

The idleness that is a tonic to the machine of steel is poison to the human machine.

Steel cannot appreciate the difference between an occupation and a vocation—but we can: that few of us do is the reason so many of us go around grumbling and fed up.

"A trade," wrote someone the other day, "under however exalted a name, merely enables us to exist. A vocation makes it possible to live. . . .

"Though a man may earn money laying a drain pipe, you would not expect to see the light shining in his eye as he worked. On the other hand, he will tear out his larynx at a football match, even though it costs him money to do it. Such is the difference between a job and a vocation."

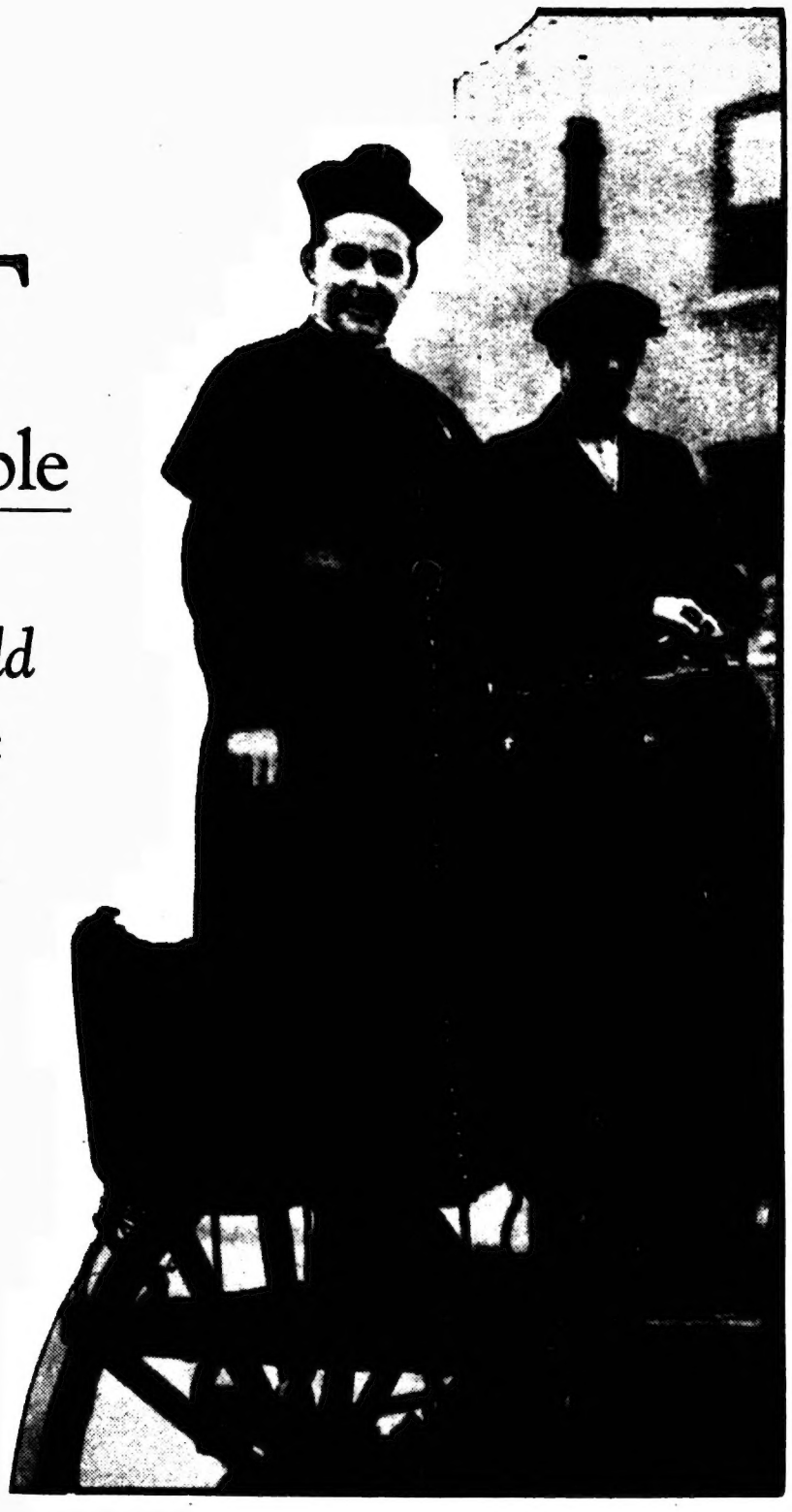
A hobby is a vocation. If it isn't a vocation it isn't a hobby—for it isn't something, not only that you want to do, but that you can't help doing.

But staleness can come by over-riding a hobby, just as easily as by overworking a job. "All play and no work" or "All work and no play" both produce the same results.

It is the judicious mixture of both that produces mental health and keeps at bay the bogey of staleness.

in our MIDST

Ten Noble Lives that should Inspire Us all



The Rev. Basil Jellicoe, the parson with a pub, gives the coal-heaver a helping hand

viding "Home Helps," paid assistants whose services are supplied free of charge to householders, when there is any need, such as sickness.

During the war, when factory girls were provided with dinners at cost price, a Zeppelin bomb almost demolished the hall.

At one time a band of mischievous youths, known as the Black Hand Gang, did everything they could to impede the sisters' good work. They threw stones through the windows of Kingsley Hall and caused much trouble by their petty pilferings. But they soon repented of their misdeeds, and were eventually numbered among the keenest admirers of the two sisters.

When Gandhi was in England he insisted on living at Kingsley Hall, and struck up a large number of friendships with the people in the neighbourhood. He just loved the honest fraternity and good will of the East End folk, and to the children he was simply "Uncle Gandhi."

Muriel Lester is at present in China. Last September she left on a tour of America, Japan, China and India. She will return to her work at Kingsley Hall at Easter.

A most remarkable queen of Slumland is Mrs. May Flack, of Limehouse.

Born and bred in Worcestershire, she came to London as a girl of twelve and got a job in a Chinese laundry in the Barking Road. Unlike many girls, she was never afraid of the Chinese. She began to understand them within a few weeks and soon picked up a smattering of their language.

A face smacked

Later she married and kept a boarding-house in Limehouse for coloured seamen. She developed a faculty for dealing with these Chinese and lascars, and at last she became a well-known character in Dockland.

She is absolutely fearless. Time and again she has intervened, even when foreign seamen were fighting with knives.

Once a Chinaman ran to tell her that two men were facing each other in a dark alley near her house with drawn knives.

When she got to them they were manœuvring for position. Without a moment's hesitation she rushed in and smacked one of them in the face! Her fate hung in the balance for a moment, then both of them came with her like lambs to settle their argument in her house.

Another time she intervened in a pitched battle when Chinese of two rival gambling clubs were knifing each other in the street and firing revolvers from behind chimney-pots. By her fearlessness she made them stop and settle their quarrel by discussion.

On a third occasion she stopped an open fight between German sailors at the German Seamen's Boarding House and one of the Chinese tongs. Pennyfields was actually barricaded; but Mrs. Flack walked right down the street, accosted the Chinese leader, reminded him of how she had once got him out of a scrape and persuaded him to break off hostilities.

Much of her heroic work has been in helping the deserted English wives of Chinese sailors. Often she has promised faithfully to look after the families of deportees, and faithfully she has kept her word.

Hundreds of coloured sailors she has bailed out of prison, and only once has she been let down by a man jumping his bail. When Chinatown heard of this case they hunted the man down and brought him to her house. It required all her authority to prevent them lynching him!

Then there is Comrade Mary Hughes, who is sometimes called the St. Francis of the East End. She is one of the saintliest and most romantic of Slumland's uncrowned rulers.

Mostly, she is called just "Comrade." She is the daughter of Judge Hughes, author of that famous book "Tom Brown's Schooldays." She has lived thirty-three years in the East End and is never happier than when she is giving something away.

Before she took the famous Dew Drop Inn, where she now lives, she used to be at Blackwall Buildings. Always she left the house unlocked and unattended when she went out, and on the front door was pinned a notice, "If out, walk in and help yourself."

The open house

That has always been her motto, and in the whole of her thirty-three years of work she has scarcely ever been let down.

The Dew Drop Inn is an open house for anyone who cares to look in. A cup of tea and a meal are there for anyone, no matter who he is, and no questions are asked.

Comrade Hughes is one of the few practical Communists of the Christian ideal. Nothing offends her more than to say "thank you" to her. If you say thank you for the excellent tea she gives you, she turns on you with the reproach: "How dare you thank me for what is really only your own!"

Another good angel is Mrs. E. M. Hardy, of Manchester.

Some years ago she read an account of some children losing their lives in a burning building while their mother was out shopping. It occurred to her that there must be hundreds of women who would be glad to help mothers by minding their children when they were out, and so she set about organising the Voluntary Unofficial Aunts.

Numbers of women enrolled for voluntary service, and now there are branches of the concern established in London, Bedford, Clevedon, Bristol and Southport.

These "aunts" not only mind children while the parents are out. They take out children, visit old people and invalids, help to make and mend garments, and those who have cars take people for an occasional drive and tea in the country.

There is the Rev. Basil Jellicoe, the Fairy Godfather of Somers Town.

A genial giant of a man, cousin to Earl Jellicoe, Father Jellicoe was appalled both at the slums of Somers Town and the gloomy dictums of the housing experts, who said it was quite impossible to knock them down and build good dwellings for rents which their tenants could pay.

He decided, as he puts it, to ask God to be the personal director of the venture. So he invited men with money to put up certain sums for rehousing in Somers Town and promised that God would pay the dividends.

Whether the investors believed in this promise, history does not record, but they put up the money, and sure enough the dividends have been paid as regularly as clockwork. More amazing still, new all-electric flats at rents of about five shillings a week have replaced the hideous hovels which Father Jellicoe ceremoniously demolished with explosives.

Being distressed by the hard drinking in the neighbourhood, Father Jellicoe next decided to open a new sort of pub., where people should drink in a jolly, Christian spirit. One difficulty had to be overcome first; he had to find a man who, in his own words, was ready to serve God as a publican.

At the psychological moment such a man appeared. One day someone touched him on the shoulder, explained that he was a farmer in South Africa, and added that he had just decided not to return to South Africa after all, but to help Father Jellicoe instead.

He had the necessary qualities, and in due course the "Anchor" was opened. The police, knowing the neighbourhood, feared a rough house on the opening night and proposed to stand by in force. But Jellicoe asked them politely to keep away. The pub was opened, and from that day to this there has scarcely been any rowdyism within its doors.

It was a roaring success from the start—so much so that it almost put the rival licensed houses in the district out of business, and the trade approached Jellicoe privately, offering to hand him over a chain of twelve pubs. if he would run them!

In the shadows

But Jellicoe explained that it all depended on finding men who would serve behind the bar with an entirely different attitude, and that such men were extremely hard to find.

Magistrates, coroners and probation officers are often brought into close contact with Slumland, and some of them exercise an extraordinary influence over the lives of the people in their districts.

Lastly there are those devoted men and women of the Salvation Army slum posts whose heroism has been so vividly described in "God in the Slums" and "God in the Shadows."

A strict anonymity covers their deeds, but their work goes on from year to year with incalculable benefits to those who live in the Abyss.

The red sweater of the Salvation Army is a pass and a safeguard even in the most criminal districts. Whoever wears it is welcomed and respected throughout Slumland.

LOOK!

Look out next week for a wonderful new JOHN BULL Presentation. You are invited to accept a magnificent . . . but wait for it until next Thursday!

HAVE A CAPSTAN!-YOU'LL LIKE IT BETTER

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ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Build your own 3 valve radio set for 29/6

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Easy to build—Simple to operate—and by far the cheapest set to buy—that's the Telsen "323." It is the most amazing value in radio history. You don't have to know anything about radio to build it. All you do is follow the stage-by-stage instructions inside every Kit—and it's built! Get a Telsen "323" Kit from your radio dealer to-morrow.

GET "THE MODERN RADIO ENGINEER"—3d. ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

TELSEN ELECTRIC CO. LTD., ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

Ask your husband why

Can a man tell at a single glance? Are men really inspired to love at first sight by a beautiful skin and lovely complexion?

A woman cannot afford to risk her chance for a happy marriage when she can so quickly and easily double the loveliness of her skin and complexion with the new Crème Tokalon White Colour (non-greasy). It now contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil. Its nourishing, whitening and astringent effect tightens enlarged pores, does away with blackheads and wrinkles of fatigue. It gives indescribable new skin beauty in 3 days. Try this new Crème Tokalon and watch results in your own case. Nothing so stirs the heart of a man as a clear, smooth, rose-petal complexion.

Why make us feel SO SMALL?

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to SIR JAMES JEANS

DEAR SIR JAMES,—So you, the astronomer who has made knowledge look simple—and how interestingly you have done it!—have been telling the children a few mple things. How there are, in the iverse, 100,000,000,000 stars formed to a gigantic cartwheel that goes und once in every 250,000,000 years.

I am sorry, but I do not believe it. seems too definite, too final, for me.

It sounds very impressive. It is ghtening. But I can remember when was a small boy, and used to go to ar Sir Robert Ball.

You, a modern scientist, are clean-aven, and you possess the charming eeziness of an officer in the Royal vy. Sir Robert Ball had side-iskers. He used to frighten me, when was very young, with his stories of e majesty of the Universe. You see ore noughts than he did.

I suppose telescopes have got bigger! Besides, we are used to War Debt ures. And we say, casually, "Oh, ere are only 3,000,000 unemployed." at makes figures mean nothing.

So it is easy for us to listen when u say that the light from some of e farthest stars takes 800,000,000 years reach us, travelling though it does the speed of 186,000 miles a second. I thought Einstein had disproved all at, by saying that light didn't travel raight. Perhaps he wasn't sure.

When scientists disagree, why should swallow both stories?

I sometimes feel sorry for the poor tle children when they leave these ientific lectures and then are taken a pantomine. These are the ones, course, who, when they are asked, Do you believe in fairies?" at "Peter n," stand up and shout, "No!"

Such statements as those they hear m scientists should be accompanied something on the other side. All se figures of yours, all these long s of noughts, must make the biggest nt feel that he is merely the tiniest worms crawling about in slime that is slowly being dried by the sun of Eternity.

That, of course, isn't true.

Planets may be big. The stars may be far away. Comets may be dashing about, here and there, at such a speed that even a flash of lightning might seem at a standstill.

But Man, Sir James, is the master of the world. Man is the master of destiny. Man is the captain of his soul. Man is the saviour of his own salvation.

We are not mere atoms spawning on the rind of an orange. Potentially, we are everything. Each one of us has within him a spark of the divine fire. We are all parts of Creation, whether or not we know. Creation will move forward quicker when we recognise it.

Beethoven was not afraid of the abyss of the heavens when, deaf and irritable though he was, he reached the high crescendos of his symphonies. Keats, a mere relative of mine, and poor chemist's assistant though he was at Guy's Hospital, soared to greater heights than a telescope can search out when he wrote "Endymion."

Those poor little City clerks, who, with not much more than three months of training, fought and beat the Prussian Guard, were something more than atoms. They conquered their own cowardice. They saved the world.

Your figures may reduce us to the idea that we—you and I, I mean—mean nothing in the scheme of things. I do not believe it.

I can look back on the history of Man from the time when first he came out of a cave and said, "This is not good enough for me." Then—striving, probing, searching, daring—he at last learned to make even a telescope through which he could see, not how small he was, but how big he was, big enough even to gaze unblinkingly at the farthest star.

He has conquered the jungle. He has plumbed, in a submarine, deep below the surface of the waves. He has flown over Everest, the earth's highest peak. He has swum the Channel.

He has conquered Life. Once he has conquered himself, and learned how to make himself part of the Eternal Plan, then he will have conquered even Death.

Do not teach us to look at the stars through a telescope. Teach us to pry, with a microscope, into the secrets of our own hearts. Bring us back to earth.

It needs our patience and our care and all our thoughtfulness. Its problems seem insoluble. Its despair, sometimes, seems hopeless.

But that is merely our own fault. The earth, after all, is the centre of our world. Stars are merely things we look at. Comets are merely something we cannot see. They won't hit us and wipe us out in a second. Man is immortal.

Once he has learned that he can best be happy in Eternity by dealing patiently with the problems of To-day, our real troubles will begin to disappear. A new race of people will be born, people with high minds and noble aspirations, people who, by serving Mankind, will best serve themselves and so become a part of the great Creator's will.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

y Rev. Dean INGE,
Paul's, London

DEAR DEAN,—A few weeks ago I ised you for preaching sound com-n-sense; now I must reproach you talking nonsense.

"There is plenty of empty land in Dominions," you declare, "but we longer breed the pioneer type and people won't emigrate."

Do you not know of the thousands of itish emigrants who have returned er losing all their savings and facing rvation?

JOHN BULL.

RNARD CLARKE,
cester

CLARKE,—Everyone must have been ocked by the story of how, in a fit of nper, you placed your three-year-old on a stove and badly burned him. nd I have been shocked by the gistrates who merely bound you over. There are some first offenders who e no claim to mercy. You are one.

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM WILLCOX,
dical Adviser to the Home Office

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—The new and dly drugs that are being sold openly e already caused many deaths; yet cialdom has made no reply to my eated demands for adequate restric-ns.

ut I welcome the support of so nent an authority as yourself, for ely the Home Office will not dare to ore your stern warning!

JOHN BULL.

EPHEN WALLEY,
ston Coyney, Stoke-on-Trent

WALLEY,—Allowed to work a mare and mule on the condition that they were perly fed, you starved them. The re was too weak to stand and the mule collapsed, so both had to be destroyed.

I doubt if the £5 fine imposed on you will be enough to teach you that a beast of burden is at least worthy of its keep.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor S. LAWLAN,
Mayor of South Shields

YOUR WORSHIP,—I thought the old libel that the unemployed didn't try to get work had died a natural death.

You are keeping it going by saying that the men who attend Zion Hall, a recreational centre for unemployed, "should get out and about and keep their ears open, for they can't live on Zion Hall."

Now do the proper thing and tender the apology that the men have demanded. And in future try to be a little more understanding.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT,
Minister for Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Shropshire is protesting against your Ministry helping to finance the breeding of musk rats in that county for research.

As the first to draw attention to this national menace, I'm not surprised. After all, Shropshire will have to pay for any damage to dams and embankments.

I told you long ago what to do with the musk rat—keep the filthy vermin out!

JOHN BULL.

The TOWN COUNCILLORS,
Chippenham

KIND SIRS,—I am staggered by your generosity! You have decided to increase the Mayor's salary to the princely sum of £60 a year, despite the protests of the gentleman who thought that "23s. a week was a lot of pocket-money."

I am convinced, however, that there is no danger of the Mayor wasting his allowance in riotous living, but will regard it as an adequate compensation for devoting his time to the public service.

JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Hastings

DEAR SIRS,—I can't see eye to eye with you in the matter of granting the application of a girl of 18 to marry a young man earning only 25s. weekly.

The course of true love certainly has to be considered, but the mother of the girl stated the case clearly when arguing that the man did not earn sufficient to support her daughter.

I think you nodded on the point. I'm willing to bet that there's not one of you who would like to tackle married life on so little.

JOHN BULL.

THE CORPORATION,
Liverpool

GENTLEMEN,—A workman who hammered a nail into a street hoarding struck your low-tension cable. He narrowly escaped electrocution, while a man and his wife were blown up and had to be taken to hospital.

Can't you make your cables of death a little safer?

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. MARY HATFIELD,
Hull City Council

DEAR MADAM,—I have already told of your complaints that men are collapsing outside the local employment exchange.

Now I must tell of your practical demonstration of sympathy; for you took a van along to the exchange and distributed twenty gallons of tea and 250 sausage-rolls to the waiting men.

Good work, Mrs. Hatfield—and a fine example.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. C. HEMMERDE, K.C.,
Liverpool Recorder

DEAR SIR,—George Hanson was never given a chance until you bound him over.

At the age of fifteen he was sent to prison for ten days and to a reformatory for four years; later he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for stealing a shilling.

Now, at sixty-seven, he has a record of nearly fifty convictions. No wonder you thought that record equally discreditable to the whole administration of justice!

JOHN BULL.

Alderman A. AINGER,
Chairman, Aldershot Bench

DEAR SIR,—Congratulations on your sentence of three months' imprisonment on Private Tees, a Scot who tried to stab a comrade in the face with a jagged glass. But not on your statement that we don't do such things this side of the Border.

Every nation has its curs, you know. And Scotland must not be judged by a man it would wish to disown.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. J. PARRISH, Paignton: Your record of eating 33 ice-creams in 30 minutes leaves me cold.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. OLIVER STANLEY,
Minister of Transport

DEAR SIR,—So at last something is to be done about the scandal of the overworked lorry driver. Offending employers, it seems, will be likely to lose their licences.

Since I have consistently attacked this scandal, I am glad you acknowledge your indebtedness to the Press.

Now let me advise you to ginger up the authorities who have been so slow to apply the existing regulations.

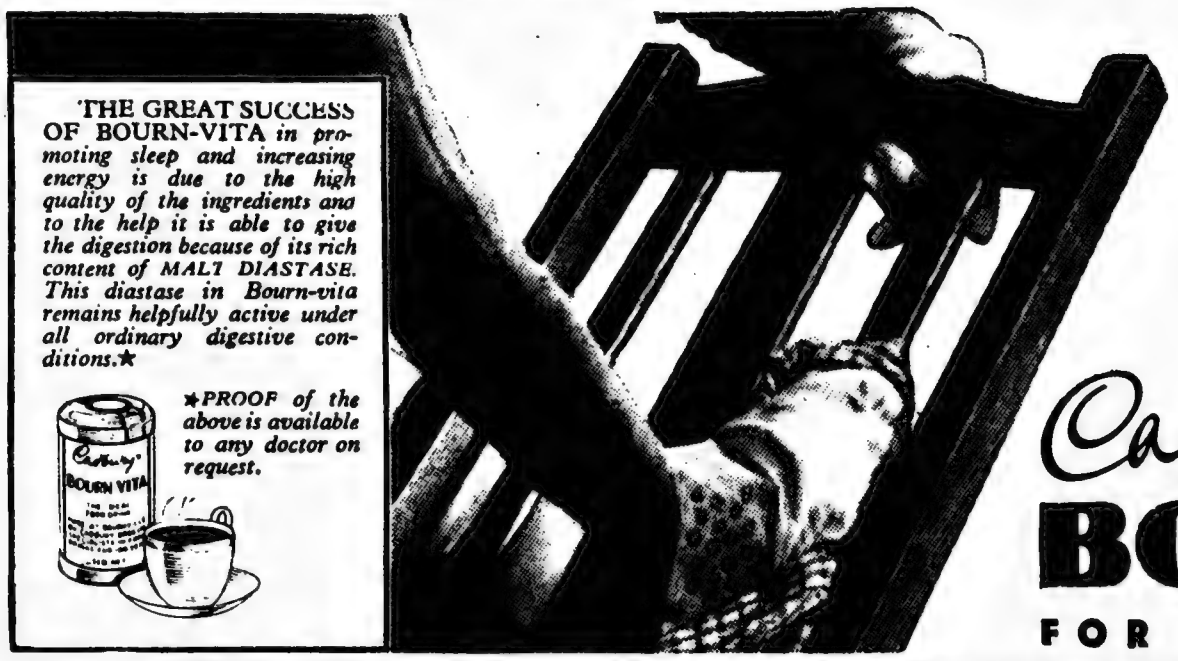
JOHN BULL.

"I'm full of energy for the day's work"

writes Mrs. J. B.

"I feel I must write and tell you the wonderful results I have derived from taking your Bourn-vita. I am a sufferer from nerves and sleeplessness, never knew what it was to have a night's undisturbed sleep. I used to awake unfit for anything, absolutely worn out. *But since taking Bourn-vita I feel, well, a different woman. I sleep the whole night through, and awake full of energy for the day's work.*"

LAST NIGHT'S BOURN-VITA IS HELPING HER *NOW!*



THE GREAT SUCCESS OF BOURN-VITA *in promoting sleep and increasing energy is due to the high quality of the ingredients and to the help it is able to give the digestion because of its rich content of MALT DIASTASE. This diastase in Bourn-vita remains helpfully active under all ordinary digestive conditions.★*

★*PROOF of the above is available to any doctor on request.*

Every day Cadbury's receive letters like this. Every day more and more people are realising how much more fit they are for work and for play when they drink Bourn-vita regularly.

Bourn-vita is the last word in modern food drinks—the outcome of Cadbury's 104 years experience as food-drink specialists. It is made of malt, milk, eggs and chocolate, to Cadbury's own formula based on the recent discoveries of dietists. It is perfect nourishment, and a great aid towards good digestion.

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½ lb. - 9d. ⅛ lb. - 1/5

Weight guaranteed.

BOURN-VITA

FOR SLEEP AND ENERGY

"Saved me from pneumonia"

"SOME years ago I was suffering from bronchitis and congestion of the lungs. Nothing seemed to ease the congestion. Then my chemist recommended I try your Musterole Brand Ointment. After a few applications the congestion disappeared and I enjoyed complete relief from my suffering. As a matter of fact, the doctor told me I had been saved from pneumonia."—G. J., Stafford Road, Wolverhampton.

If you have a cold on the chest and it feels tight and congested, spread on the magic, pain-dispelling warmth of this clean, white ointment. That warmth penetrates right down to the congested tissues, loosens, soothes, heals. Thousands of people have obtained immediate relief from dangerous chest colds by using Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. They are never without it in their homes. Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment will do for you what it has done for others. Your favourite chemist has it. Get a jar today.

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STIFF JOINTS

Aching and Stiffness Quickly Eased.

Sloans Brand Liniment penetrates without rubbing—carries welcome relief and comfort to stiff joints, aching, throbbing muscles and nerves; allays inflammation and removes all trace of stiffness. Don't suffer, at the first sign of pain use Sloans Brand Liniment.

Millions of victims of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, find relief and comfort with Sloans Brand Liniment. They keep it handy ready for use at the first sign of pain. It often saves hours of agony. Clean and easy to use—does not stain the skin. Get a bottle to-day—see for yourself how valuable it is to every member of your family. One bottle goes a long way.

Sloans Brand Liniment is economical in use. At all Chemists and Stores, now 1/9 per bottle.

MADE IN ENGLAND

SLOANS Liniment NOW 1/9

"Isn't Life Wonderful Now?" Said The Fat Boy.

Have you ever noticed how quickly we take for granted the wonderful conveniences which science has given us? We jump on a 'bus without ever thinking of all the organisation behind our modern transport system. We use the telephone without a thought for the years of research which have developed and perfected this miraculous device.

And so it is even with that tube of Milton Dental Cream—which is to be found to-day on so many bathroom shelves. Do you know that it took a group of research chemists over *two years* to evolve this most perfect of all toothpastes? Every existing toothpaste was examined and analysed and tested. Scores of different ingredients were tried out. More than *a hundred and ninety-four* toothpaste formulas were produced, tested, then discarded—before, at last, the right one was found. For the Milton people were determined not to rest satisfied until they had found and launched a toothpaste as good as the Milton mouthwash!

So it goes! For 1d. the 'bus saves you walking half-a-mile. For 2d. you can talk to a friend seven miles away. And now, for about half of a farthing (the whole tube costs only 6d.), you can start your day with a delightfully fresh, clean mouth.

You have only to try this toothpaste to become an enthusiast. Its flavour is the most delicate and pleasing of any you have ever used. It removes film lake a charm. It really and *quickly* whitens the teeth—there's nothing abrasive or harmful in it. And it gives your mouth the cleanest, freshest feeling it has ever known, and your breath likewise.

Have you tried it? You can—for weeks—at the cost of 6d. for a full-sized tube!

How comfortable science makes life nowadays—and for so little!

GOOD NEWS *for* Husbands!

by A. G. Gardiner

Will he lead the married man on to marital emancipation?—The Lord Chancellor

THE heart of many a distracted married man will be cheered by a piece of news just announced. It is that the Lord Chancellor has set up a Committee of Inquiry into vexed matters of law, and that among the subjects to be dealt with is the anomaly by which husbands are made responsible for the wrongdoing of their wives.

We have been so busy in the last twenty years in hearing the grievances and removing the disabilities of women that we are apt to forget that men have grievances too. Some of them are of old standing. Some of them have been created by the new legislation. In the act of doing justice to wives the legislature has done injustice to husbands.

The question of "torts" is a case in point. By the law as it stands a husband is responsible for the wrongs committed by his wife, but a wife is not responsible for the wrongs committed by her husband.

White man's burden

If, for example, Mrs. Roe slanders her next-door neighbour, Mrs. Doe, it is Mr. Doe and not his offending wife who has to stand the racket.

"A man who marries a woman in this country," said the late Mr. Justice McCardie, "takes upon himself the burden of having to pay for any wrongful acts she commits."

It is in the power of a mischievous woman who happens to dislike her husband to punish him by the simple expedient of injuring other people and involving him in the payment of ruinous damages. And even without the motive of revenge, the vitriolic tongue or criminal or extravagant tendencies of a wife may land a quite law-abiding and inoffensive husband in bankruptcy.

This liability was just enough when the wife had no independent legal existence, and the money which attached to her was the property of her husband. But the Married Women's Property Act of 1884 placed her on an equality with her husband. Her money was her own and her husband had no more control over it than her washerwoman had.

Privileged persons

But in doing justice to the wife, the law did injustice to the husband. It still left him liable for her wrongdoings. A woman may take away character, and in an action for damages her husband may have to pay.

This is only one illustration of the fact that in ceasing to be the helot of the home, the woman has become in many respects a privileged person outside the home. In saying this I hope I shall not incur the suspicion and resentment of the extremer feminists. If I do, it will not be because I am hostile to their cause.

The emancipation of women is the greatest achievement of this century. When one compares the free, unfettered world into which women are born to-day with the cribbed, cabined, confined world into which their mothers were born, one is tempted to say that it is the greatest achievement in history.

The walls of Jericho did not fall more sensationally before the blast of Joshua's trumpets than the sex superiority of men has tumbled before the onset of the women.

They have established their claim to equality in every field, except one. They are the equals of men before the law and in the realm of citizenship. They have not only stormed the polling booth, they have stormed the seats of the mighty in Parliament. They may sit in Cabinets. They administer great departments. They have invaded the Bar, the universities and the professions.

There is not a door to any career that they are physically competent to pursue which is closed against them, except that of the Church. It is a curious exception, for if there is one career above all others for which women are especially adapted it is the religious calling.

They are the cement of every religious institution and the calendar of the saints is studded with their names. The day cannot be far distant when the Church, as the last stronghold of sex exclusiveness, will have to surrender and to admit women to its priestly offices and even to its episcopal bench.

Perhaps the most striking aspect of this vast revolution is the social change. Women have come with a rush out of the seclusion of the past into the free, open contacts of life, and the relations of the sexes are on a plane of candour, liberty and unrestraint which would have been as incredible to our forefathers as they would doubtless have been shocking. Yet they are so far from being incredible and shocking to us that we could conceive no other. So readily do we adjust ourselves to the new facts of life.

What the effect of all this upon society will be time will show. Some observers fear the worst.

I do not share that fear. I believe that sex-inequality was a relic of barbarism, and that the liberation of one-half of the nation cannot fail to be beneficial to the whole.

But to return to the point from which I have digressed. It is obvious that this enormous upheaval has had repercussions upon a legal system which fitted former conditions, but does not fit present conditions. The instance of the husband's liability for his wife's wrongdoing is characteristic of what I mean.

Or, to take another example, whether we like it or not, modern conditions have greatly increased the tendency to irregular unions. It is probable that that tendency will increase. There is certainly no power in the State capable of checking it. But there is a power in the State of encouraging it, and the State is exercising that power. It puts a premium upon irregular unions. Income tax is levied upon the incomes of husband and wife as a unit; but the man and woman who simply "live together" are taxed separately—in many cases where both are earners or have property, they enjoy a substantial advantage over the married couple.

Such anomalies may be difficult to straighten out, but they indicate the mass of subjects which modern life has made ripe for revision. And they are not confined to matters bearing upon women or the new relations of the sexes.

Perilous tongues

The complexity of the modern machine of government has created far more "vexed matters of law" than those to which the Lord Chancellor's Committee is to address itself.

Not long ago the Lord Chief Justice published a book on "The New Despotism," in which he arraigned the growing tendency toward bureaucracy. We are being governed to an increasing extent in all the details of life by administrative orders issued by Government Departments which do not emanate from Parliament, and which are not subject to the Courts.

It was against this bureaucratic despotism—the negation of democracy—that Lord Hewart launched his thunders.

In the multitude of subjects with which Government deals to-day it is probably unavoidable that these large powers of initiative should be vested in the Civil Service, but if our liberties are to be preserved the exercise of those powers should not be outside the purview of the law, and the Committee of Inquiry might well be instructed to take this great matter in the scope of their investigation.

Meanwhile, let us welcome the prospect of relief for those unfortunate husbands who are afflicted with wives with perilous tongues or extravagant habits.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. Robert Boothby, M.P., on—

SPUDS *and* DUDS

ALTHOUGH I'm relatively young,
The wagging of a fluent tongue
Has made me quite a figure.
When I think of the knowledge that
Is stowed away beneath my hat,
My head grows daily bigger!

On any subject, any day,
I'm quite prepared to say my say!
Though Party chiefs regret it.
Nobody e'er need ask me twice
For my opinion or advice—
Without request they get it!

I am aware that in regard to the giving of advice it is held to be good manners to wait until one is asked. But the objection to this policy is that one may have to go on waiting for ever!

My marked resemblance to the late lamented Diogenes not having been as widely recognised as it should be, I, a bachelor M.P., might have had to wait aeons before there was a nation-wide demand for my advice on marriage and household management. So, being an ambitious young man in a hurry, I have anticipated the demand by a few centuries.

* * *

Unfortunately, discreet Tory organisers—who hold that a malignant fate provided politicians with mouths so that they could put their foot in them—fear that women voters may resent my declaring that our low consumption of delicacies, like oatmeal and herrings, is due to the ignorance and laziness of our women.

"Our womenfolk," I announced, "don't know how to cook and won't be bothered to learn," and I went on to offer the advice: "Don't marry any girl until she has proved that she can cook."

Some critics now point out that this advice, coupled with my dogmatic announcement that Englishwomen can't cook and won't learn, means that bachelors will have to look to foreign countries for brides

* * *

Of course—er—I—er—didn't quite mean that! Also—ahem—I didn't wish to be taken too literally when I said: "A woman who can boil potatoes and make good porridge is sure to make a good wife," for I am aware that good porridge may be made by a bad woman.

"If a talent for making porridge and boiling spuds is all that young Mr. Boothby demands in a wife," writes one she-cat, "I know of a number of worthy middle-aged women who would be willing to espouse a rising politician. Why, then, has the exalted position of consort to the Member for East Aberdeenshire so long remained vacant?

"It is time," she adds, "that England's unmarried women, instead of tamely reading the words of this celibate Socrates, said a few words to him."

Let's go to him and tell him straight, for
him we need not palter with!
"Tut tut to you!—
'Vain mutt' to you!"—
Unladylike, we'll hiss!
Is there no Perfect She to make the
journey to the altar with?
It's bad for you,
It's sad for you
To hold aloof like this!
Does England hold no female who could
conquer your frigidity,
And make you lunch on something from
a tin with marked avidity?
Or must we learn to cook with all convenient rapidity?

Myself, I'd like to say to him, with
language economical:
"Plain 'booh' to you!
Pooh, pooh to you!"—
That's what I'd like to say!
Your style is too self-satisfied, your
reasoning is comical;
So "Bah, to you—
Ha, ha, to you!"
Is what I mean to say.
For when election time comes round,
you'll tell us we are wonderful;
But our reply may seem, to you, of most
disturbing thunder full,
And you'll be of acute regrets for your
surprising blunder full!

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY.
COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Turkish Towels, 3/11 doz. Ladies' Art Silk Hose, 8/11 doz. Ladies' Apron Overalls, 4/11 doz. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. Boys' Sports Hose, 4's to 8's, 4/9 doz. Quarter dozens supplied. Good profits can be made. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

FREE PRICE LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen Lines in Drapery, Hosiery Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch LONDON, E.C.3.

HOSIERY, Underwear, Drapery, Frocks, etc. Factory prices, 50% profit. No risk. Any quantity. Catal. and parties free.—London Textiles, Ltd. Broadway Chambers, Hammersmith W.6.

DRAPERY, Hosiery, Underwear and Boots. Illus. Catlg. for Credit Drapers and Beginners Post free.—Keenest prices (wholesale only).—M. Morris, 110-113 Houndsditch London, E.C.3.

LADIES' Hosiery, U'wear. Buy for resale, 50% profit. No risk. Illus. Cat. free. Beginners instructed. Rayon Silk Co. (J.), 9, Friday St., E.C.4.

JONES'S WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE, 14, Basinghall St., Leeds, cheapest Mail Order firm, invite country Shopkeepers and Market Traders to write for New 1934 Price Lists of Drapery, Underwear, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Small Wares.

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INCOME ASSURED.—All-round Satisfaction Guaranteed! JOHN NOBLE'S WANT ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. Choose the Club that puts QUALITY FIRST! Members always satisfied. Clubs easy and simple to form. COMMISSIONS PAID PROMPTLY ON EVERY CLUB. Write for FREE IDEAL Club Catalogue—nearly 400 pages—to JOHN NOBLE, LTD. (Dept. A.7), MANCHESTER.

AGENTS required to sell well-known Gift Coupon Tea and household Specialities—good comm., whole or part time.—Apply, Shield Tea Supply Co. (Dept. J.B.), St. Andrews, Bradford.

MORE MONEY for Live Agents! Sell 6d. Club Cards and make a substantial income in spare time. Read advt. of John Massey & Sons, Ltd., on page 3.

EXTRA MONEY for you by taking up "The hobby that pays." No outlay or experience needed. Send the Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses coupon on page 2 for free particls.

EMPLOYMENT.

"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN?" This was advice given to a man dissatisfied with his earnings and future prospects. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, and today he is drawing £600 a year. Suitable men can be trained by Mr. Attwood by post in their spare time. Send to-day for 24-page book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," post free on request.—The Wallace Attwood College, 267, Bedford Row, W.C.1. (Chancery 7526.)

MOTOR DRIVERS—THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, London, Birmingham, Manchester. Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7) or write for details of training. B.S.M., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus. 80,000 successful pupils.

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist. Write parties. Home Study Course, 3 School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

100 VACANCIES.
100 (one hundred) vacancies occur for men aged 19-21 as Customs and Excise Officers. Commencing pay £3 6s., rising to £10 15s. per week. No experience required. Open Entrance exams., March 20th.—For full details apply, B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 29, Oxford St., W.1.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commence £4 per week. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects.—Free details of entrance Exam., B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 31, Oxford St., W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE.—For details of openings, age limits, salaries, entrance exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards), write for free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 29, Oxford Street, W.1

IMMEDIATE EMPLOYMENT offered in the Army to men between 18 and 25. Good pay. Free food, clothing, housing. Plenty of sport. Holidays on full pay.—Apply any Recruiting Office or Drill Hall.

THE POLICE FORCE offers attractive careers to keen young men, aged 17-26. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—Full details on application to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 29, Oxford St., W.1.

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MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free.—Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

PRINTING (cheaply). Catalogues, Duplicate Books, Magazines, all Commercial Stationery. Samples 2d. Methods, General Printers (60), Sandy.

PRINTING, Billheads, Handbills, Cards from 2/6 1,000. Samples free.—Stanley Osborne & Co., Millbrook Street, Gloucester.

PRINTING. — CHEAPEST, BEST. BILLHEADS, MEMOS, POSTERS, EVERYTHING. SAMPLES FREE.—Box J.B. WALKERGATE PRESS, BEVERLEY.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate : 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.
Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address : The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — West Riding WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Becks British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

CHINA DIRECT.—Asst. Cups, 1/6 doz. Teasets from 2/7. Crates of cups, scrs., plates, jugs, etc., 12/6 to £10.—Dinner sets free.—Big Bargain Catlg. free.—Direct Pottery Co., Burslem.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc. Dance organisers, send for free bargain list. —"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

WOOL SALE.—Better value than ever in rug and knitting. Send 1d. P.C. for samples.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-T.

THAT GARDEN SHED you want can be yours for a small amount down. See offer foot of p. 3.

RUGS given away! This offer appears on page 3. Always watch *John Bull's* "Shop Window" for bargains.

WHY USE an old Bike? Moorhouses supply guaranteed cycles for 1/4 per week. Send for catalogue and ask for free gift of Spanner as advertised in "Shop Window" ad. on page 3.

RUG BOOK FREE! Contains 50 designs in colour. See advt. on page 2 for address of Readicut Wool Co., Ltd.

WRITE for illustrated folder describing the new "Ewbank" Oak Table Rubber Wringer, as advertised on p. 18. Address: (Dept. W.30) Entwisle & Kenyon, Ltd., Accrington.

you and also HIGHCO STORES

CAN EARN BIG CASH COMMISSION

CHORLTON ST MANCHESTER

Proprietors: Higham Caine & Co., Ltd.

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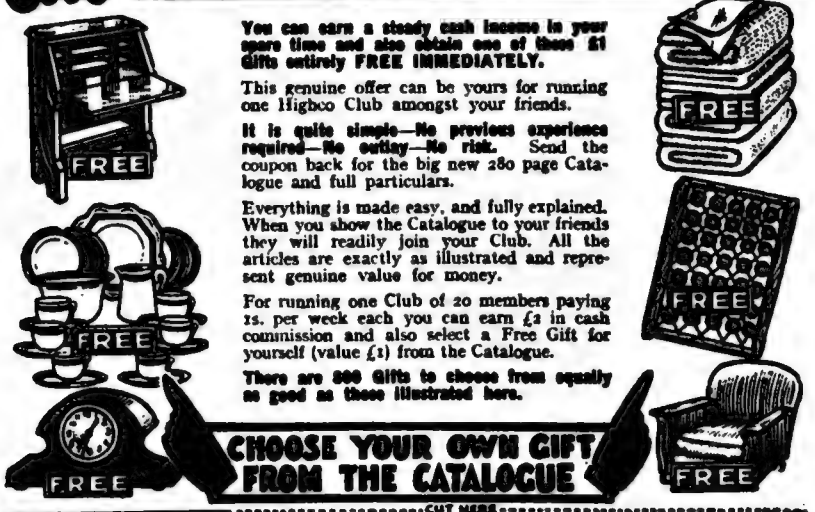

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Please send me, without obligation, your Big New Catalogue and full particulars of Cash Commission, and how I can get one of the Gifts ENTIRELY FREE.

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ADDRESS.....

.....

Return this Coupon in 1d. unsealed envelope to:—
HIGHCO STORES (Dept. B4), Chorlton St., Manchester, 1.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Mickey Mouse Novs., Mus. Inst., etc.—List J.B. 1470 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

BRITISH non-combine WALLPAPER from 2½d. Latest designs now ready.—Write for free book, Eclipse Wallpaper, Shield Rd., Newcastle-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2½d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

Y WEAR artificial silk hose when you can buy beautiful PURE SILK, British made, fully fashion hose at 3 prs. 5/10; 2 prs. 3/11. Sample pair, 2/-, all shades and black. Post 2d. Huge Stock must be cleared!—Manufacturers' Distributing Centre, Bolsover, Derbyshire.

A WONDERFUL new covering for damp floors, etc. Looks like Tudor Tiles, 90 sq. ft. 15/-. Send for free samples and partics. to J. P. Andrews & Sons, Sutherland Sq., Walworth Rd., S.E.17.

BABY'S
BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-.
75 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

DO NOT OVERLOOK Ambrose Wilson's Bargain Offer of Men's Shoes on p. 38. 1/- deposit secures.

FILL in coupon in "Berkeley" Chair advt. on p. 25 for illus. Cat. Patterns and parties. of "Superiax" model, offered for 10s. down.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in JAY'S advt. on p. 23 for latest Bargain Cat. of Modern Furniture and details of their Easy Payment Plan. Write for this now!

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1934 CATALOGUE AND GARDENING GUIDE, 152 pages, 257 illustrations, free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., King's Seedsmen, Edinburgh.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, BANJOS, GUITARS, OCARINAS. Wonderful 1934 catalogue, 44 pages, free.—Terms, OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B.5, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

HAVE YOU fixed a Pix to your Set? Over 1,500,000 listeners use it. See advt. on page 3.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEAS direct from the Blenders at Wholesale Prices, large or small quantities, loose or packeted. Agents wanted for packet teas. Samps. free.—Poulters, Dane Place, Bow, London, E.3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—"Artico" Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive Cure, by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy. 1/3, 3/-, Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Samps. 4d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! The Brooks Rupture Appliance, New Discovery, Wonderful! No lumpy pads; no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (482M), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

AGED PEOPLE find Allenburys Diet grateful and comforting. Send 3d. stamps for ¼-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.4), 37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

BRONCHITIS. Tickly Cough. "STOPSIT" compound gives instant relief, allowing sleep. Trial bottle 2/6.—STOPSIT, 213, Buchanan Street, Glasgow, Scotland.

FACTS, NOT FICTION.—Sufferers from Piles and Gravel, take George's Renowned Pills, 1/3 all Chemists.—Hirwaun, South Wales.

WOULD you like to try "WINCARNIS"? A sample bottle will be sent to every reader who sends 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman & Co., Ltd. (Dept. 165), Wincarnis Works, Norwich. This offer appears on the front cover.

FREE TO INDIGESTION SUFFERERS. A 9d. tin of Birley's Antacid Powder. Simply fill in and post the coupon in the advt. on p. 29.

DON'T overlook the advt. on the Back Cover. A sample of "ELASTO" for bad legs and circulatory diseases, together with free booklet, are offered to sufferers. Simply fill in the coupon.

A FREE SUPPLY of "Man-Zan" is offered to sufferers from Hæmorrhoids in the advt. on p. 32.

FREE.—48-page book on Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh. Every reader suffering from these distressing complaints should write for a copy of Dr. Hair's remarkable book. Simply address: Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure, Ltd. (Dept. 69), 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

READERS' attention is drawn to the "Nestroline" advt. on page 28.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, etc., BOUGHT. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10s. or £1 per month. Open a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR. No deposit, no references required. Write for SALE Catalogue, also Gentlemen's Catalogue, to Dept. W.G., SMARTWEAR, Ltd., 263-271, Regent Street, London, W.1.

START A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS in your own home. Commence small, grow big. Expenses low, profits high. Either sex, anywhere, can commence in this lucrative, fascinating business. A free folder, "How to Start a Mail Order Business," fully describes the Hand system of mail order selling, and a copy will be sent post free and without obligation if you write to Chas. Hand, Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., W.C.1. Mention *John Bull* and enclose 1½d. stamp.

FREE RECIPE FOLDER.—Write to (Dept. P.3), Chivers & Sons, Ltd., Histon, Cambridge. See p. 24.

READERS' attention is drawn to the Godfrey Hair Tonic offer on p. 16.

READERS' attention is drawn to the amazing offer of "RAZEX" BLADES on p. 18.

FREE illus. Booklet of Gifts in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Cocoa.—Write, Dept. 5-NB, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York. See p. 22.

KEEP FIT by STRONGFORT'S METHOD. A 64-page book is offered in the advt. on p. 37.

Impudent Medical Impostor Unmasked

Dr. RAFFLES of Harley Street

Into the nursing home he openly ventured, with impressive words on his lips . . . and he came again, stealthily, intent on plunder

TO pose successfully in the guise of a Harley Street specialist on the one hand, and as a general practitioner on the other, and contrive all the while to swindle victims in all parts of the country, is the achievement of a clever rogue, whose real name we believe to be Jasper Allport.

He often impudently assumes the names of reputable doctors, which makes his offences all the more reprehensible.

His victims are legion, and include doctors, manufacturers of surgical apparatus, chemists, nursing home and sanatorium proprietors and tradespeople of all kinds.

He is a veritable Raffles of crime.

He arrived about three weeks ago in a Midland town and registered at a local hotel as "E. Gibson, M.D." He possessed a good car, considerable luggage, and a medical case containing instruments.

One of the first things he did was to visit a well-known nursing home in the district and asked to see the superintendent, whom he had previously discovered was a woman.

Incidentally, he selects women, wherever possible, for his dupes, as he finds them much easier to deceive by his particular style of roguery than men.

At the interview with the lady-superintendent he told a most convincing story, and looked—as he always does—every inch a professional man.

Wealthy patient

Introducing himself as "Dr. E. Gibson," he explained that he had a lady patient who was greatly worrying him.

He gave her name as Mrs. Gaulton, and said it was most desirable that she should be given every possible care and attention, as she was very ill.

She had, he regretted to say, developed a most serious form of colitis and required prolonged treatment, of the most skilled and scientific kind, in the best and most efficient nursing home to be found in that part of the country.

Money, he mentioned in a very casual sort of manner, was no object, as Mrs. Gaulton was very wealthy indeed.

In all the circumstances, he had decided to supervise the arrangements made for her nursing personally, and proceeded to inspect the home.

In the end, the superintendent was delighted to learn that he thought her establishment ideal for the reception of his wealthy patient, and finally he left with a promise to motor over again on the next day to give further instructions.

He made several visits, in fact, before all the arrangements for the patient's arrival had been completed, and the superintendent was astounded when, after "Dr. Gibson" had fixed the time of her arrival, he did not return to the nursing home.

Nor did the wealthy patient arrive either!

They were surprised

One can imagine the surprise and indignation of the nursing-home superintendent when she later discovered that the man who had called upon her in the name of "Dr. Gibson" was an impostor who, in addition to obtaining a substantial amount of cash from her by a trick on his last visit, also ransacked the whole establishment and stole everything of value, including cheques, rings and other articles of jewellery, surgical instruments and drugs!

Apart from this, all the elaborate instructions he gave for the welfare of the wealthy patient had been faithfully carried out for nothing!

All he left behind was a prescription he had the effrontery to write out and sign with the professional letters "M.R.C.S.," and a chart upon which he had written most rigid details concerning the diet to be given to the patient, who existed only in "Dr. Gibson's" imagination.

He has done the same thing all over the country, and the police of over thirty different towns are still searching for him.

Sometimes he is accompanied by a young woman who passes as his nurse! All she knows about professional nursing is the way to wear uniform effectively—and in that she excels—and to embellish the "doctor's" various stories by impressively answering the professional questions he occasionally puts to her when discussing his imaginary cases with an intended victim.

Though for the most part this audacious rogue confines himself to plundering nursing homes and sanatoria in this way, he sometimes changes his tactics.

He did so, for example, during a tour he made recently of the Sutton Coldfield district. He drove up to a well-known college, and, introducing himself as "Doctor Forster," obtained an interview with the principal.

He was not concerned this time with a suffering patient, but with a brilliant young niece, for whose education he was responsible. He was willing to spend any amount of money within reason, but, as the young lady was parentless, felt it incumbent upon him to make the utmost enquiry before arranging for her actual admission to the college.

Mythical clergyman

With much precision he looked all over the college, and then, apparently satisfied, asked for a prospectus. Finally, having discussed the question of fees, he left with a promise to return in a day or so to make final arrangements.

He returned on the following day, and, just as he had planned, at an awkward time for the principal to see him. It did not matter, he said, as time was nothing to him for an hour or two—he would enjoy a walk through the college again and inspect the grounds.

The doctor, as will now be imagined, made a thorough inspection! The booty he departed with on this occasion included money and property belonging to pupils, and, among other things, the principal's cheque book!

He turned up next at a Torquay sanatorium. He was "Doctor J. C. Hall."

His mission this time concerned a clergyman patient who, with a very bad internal complaint, required sea air and prolonged rest.

As in the previous cases, he arranged with the utmost care every detail for the clergyman's admission, and, in due course, carried out the same designed tour of plunder that characterises most of his escapades.

In all the places we have referred to, and in scores of others, this bogus doctor has, in addition to medical dupes, swindled hotels and local shopkeepers by his plausible stories.

Six feet in height, he studied for years as a bacteriologist and, possessing considerable knowledge of this subject, once obtained a part time post at a hospital in the provinces.

Wholesale robbery

He was missing one day and, within a few hours of his departure, thefts and robberies of a most startling character were being reported on all sides!

Even valuable implements of research were stolen by him, including microscopes, valuable lenses, and data concerning bacteriological studies, which he promptly turned to account.

At Exeter, as plain Mr. S. B. Moore, he passed as a "medical specialist," and advertised successful treatment for incurable maladies.

In this way he got in touch with several sufferers, mostly elderly, who were naturally—as all his victims are—impressed by his personal magnetism.

He said he was a registered medical man who did not believe in the sort of medical science that was generally practised by his professional brothers, and that he studied a "higher science" through the medium of which he was able to perform remarkable cures.

To some dupes he confided that he had been a specialist in Harley Street, London, before "breaking away" from the ordinary medical world.

After a few weeks he disappeared, leaving a number of distressed patients from whom he had obtained fees ranging from five to twenty guineas.

He varied his versatile exploits at Weymouth where, visiting a local nursing institution, he posed as "Dr. Frank Ross, of Birmingham," and, seeking an interview with the controller, told yet another plausible story.

He did not look his usual spruce and immaculate self on this occasion.

His car had broken down, he said, five miles away and, entirely without any means of communication, he had had to walk most of the distance into Weymouth in the rain. His car had been left at the roadside, and he was worried, as he had left his surgical case in it. . . .

Having recounted his usual story about wishing to fix up for a suffering patient to be admitted for special treatment, he asked the controller of the institution to allow him to borrow a car.

It would not take him long to pick up his belongings, and make arrangements for the car to be towed to some local garage. Then he would return to the Weymouth institution to go fully into the question of his patient's case!

His ruse worked, and he drove off in an expensive car which was nearly new! That was the last seen of him.

So we could go on, giving an almost endless account of this man's clever exploits. And when we have added that he has several convictions for fraud, embezzlement and other offences, we think we have said enough to show that his present successful tour of crime should be ended as speedily as possible.

A Willing Helper

HUDDLED together as a hamlet in the heart of Northamptonshire is a quaint row of thatched cottages that typify peace and tranquillity.

Tragedy seems very remote from them as you watch the wisps of smoke rising from their homely firesides. Yet early one morning they were to become the centre of a nightmare scene.

The occupants of one of these dwellings, a family of seven, awoke to find flames leaping through the house. They barely had time to snatch a few articles of clothing and escape to warn their neighbours in the other imperilled houses.

Fire—always one of the most dreaded demons that threaten us—was doubly fearful in this case, because the nearest fire brigade was miles away over country roads, and thatch the most highly inflammable of building materials.

An ounce of help is truly worth a ton of pity in such circumstances—and far more than an ounce of help was forthcoming.

Occupants of all the houses round about joined in the fight against the fire. A good neighbour produced privately-owned fire extinguishers just at the right moment. And the fire brigade, thundering up through the night, finished the good work the volunteers had begun.

There remained the ruined furniture and effects of the house—the tragedy of a home.

But because the householder had signed such a form as is reprinted for your benefit on page 35, JOHN BULL sent a cheque that was worth far more than a hundred tons of pity.

New Free Gift of New Hair Growth

Mr. FREDERICK GODFREY
Discoverer of the Radio-Active Method of Hair Growing

Splendid Offer to "John Bull" Readers from Britain's Hair-Care Headquarters

Mr. Godfrey Sending Out Free Testing Supplies

Thousands of Gift Parcels which will be welcomed by all who are BALD, GREY, or Beginning to Lose their Hair.

THE valuable Gift offered you here to-day is unique—because it may well prove to be a source of pride and satisfaction to you all the rest of your life. In fact it is nothing less than:—

Renewal of Your Hair if you are Bald, partly Bald, or in danger of losing your hair.

Renewal of Original Colour if grey or faded.

Improved Hair-Beauty and Stronger Growth for everybody.

The Gift is really FREE—there are no conditions or obligations. It is backed by the Renew-Hair Institute of Matlock Bath (the largest and most successful organisation in the world devoted to modern scientific hair-growing) in conjunction with Mr. Fredk. Godfrey, the well-known hair expert who discovered the root-vitalising properties of radio-active water from the famous curative spring at Matlock Bath, when combined with the best hair-growing specifics.

In anticipation of an extraordinary demand for such a welcome gift, thousands of Presentation Parcels are being packed. Each contains:—

1. **Trial Supply of Radio-Active Hair-Growth Tonic.**
2. **Copy of Mr. Godfrey's fully illustrated Book on the Hair, explaining the true Secret of Hair Growth and Maintenance.**

Further, if you mention the nature of your Hair Trouble on the form below, you will also receive a letter of personal advice on your own hair condition.

As a result of a similar Gift Offer made last January, thousands of men and women who were almost resigned to being bald or grey for the rest of their lives to-day possess fine heads of youthful, strong-growing hair. The photographs on the right illustrate a few instances, which might be multiplied indefinitely.

Do not hesitate if your hair is not everything that you would wish. Remember Mr. Godfrey's unrivalled advice is at your service, as well as the Trial Bottle of Hair-Growing Tonic, and the more people who take advantage of his Generous Offer, the more gratified he will be. There is nothing to pay, nothing to promise, and nothing will be sent you "on approval," so if you are at all worried about the health of your hair, or complete or partial loss of hair, this is your opportunity to test, free, a really great discovery. Simply fill up and post the form below. Mr. Godfrey will do the rest.

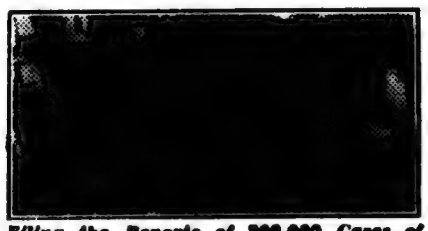
NOTE:—Mr. Godfrey's Hair-Growth Tonic consists of the purest and most carefully tested specifics known to the medical profession, in combination with radio-active water from the historic curative spring at Matlock Bath which makes it unique in the results obtained.

1934
THE BEST
RESOLVE
OF ALL

I will regain youthful appearance this year by asking Fredk. Godfrey how to Re-grow or Restore MY HAIR.

Mr. Fredk. Godfrey wishes his
300,000 CLIENTS
a very PROSPEROUS YEAR
and thanks them for recommending his Treatment to so many of their friends.

Printing the Instructions for using the Hair Growth Gifts.



Filing the Reports of 300,000 Cases of Hair Growing.

The Laboratory where Research and Testing continue ceaselessly.

Packing the Free Gift Parcels in anticipation of a world-wide demand.

The Busy Correspondence Department which enables Mr. Godfrey to reply to thousands of enquiries every day.

POST THIS
and secure Your
FREE GIFT PARCEL
to Bring You
NEW AND BETTER HAIR

To Mr. FREDERICK GODFREY ("John Bull" Special Offer Dept.), Whatstandwell, Derbyshire.

Please send me FREE Trial Bottle of Radio-Active Hair Tonic, your Book and Letter of Advice. I enclose two 1½d. stamps (value 3d.) to cover postage and packing.

NAME .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please Print in Block Capitals. .....
"John Bull," 20/1/34.

Hair Receding on Forehead.
Baldness.
Bald Patches.
Greyness.
Hair Coming Out.
Thin, Weak Hair.
Dandruff.
Scurf.
Greasy Scalp.
Dry Irritation.

Please place mark against your hair trouble in list above.

Hair-Growing Extraordinary

There is no need to despair about the condition of your hair. Read the following signed reports of severe cases and let Mr. Godfrey do as much for you.

£1,000 Guarantee

That the brief reports printed here are genuine extracts from letters received by Mr. Godfrey. Full names and addresses, where not printed, gladly supplied to bona-fide enquirers. They are selected from many thousands of similarly appreciative statements.

Doctor Held Out No Hope

Hairdresser Advised a Wig

2, Council House, Tilkey Road,
Coggeshall, Essex. Nov. 11, 1933.

My head was as bald as my hand. I consulted a doctor, but he told me there was no hope of growing new hair on account of my age (67). I also consulted a well-known hairdresser at Colchester, but he could only advise a wig. After using your preparation for about one month there were distinct signs of new hair, and after three months I had a good crop of hair two inches long. Now, after six months, my head is completely covered with curly hair, which promises to be nicely waved.—Yours sincerely,

(Signed) M. WADE.
(On behalf of my grandmother, Mrs. C. Wade.)

Another Case of Complete Baldness

"Before" — and — "After"
Taking Mr. Godfrey's Advice.

14, Collin Place,
Sutton Avenue, Leicester.

To Mr. Godfrey, Britain's Premier Hair Specialist.

Dear Sir,—Some time ago I lost eyebrows and lashes and every hair on my head. Time and again I tried all kinds of treatment, but I got no results till I began to despair, and think I should remain bald. I felt ashamed to go about; it even changed my appearance till friends hardly recognised me. Finally I wrote to you stating my case, and undertook your Treatment. Imagine my joy when I saw new hair appear through my scalp, until it has reached the present stage.

Yours faithfully, J. BURTON.

Believed to be a World's Record

Hair Grown after Fifty Years' Baldness.

115, North Road,
Southend-on-Sea.

My wife, up to three months ago had a **completely bald head,** from the age of four years. Since using your Treatment she has a lovely head of hair which seems to be growing every day. The new hair began to show after two or three weeks. She is pleased to be able to go out now without a cap, after having had to wear one for about 50 years.

GEORGE W. SEYMOUR
(On behalf of my wife, Susan Seymour).

Baldness now Completely Cured.

Bampton.

You will see that I am completely cured now, and have a lovely head of hair, of which I feel very proud, after having been completely bald on the back of my head, and having several patches in front.—(Signed) D. LOMAN.

A Father HOUNDED into EXILE

Stranded—the destitute wife with her three children.

MONSTROUS DEPORTATION ORDER

HERE is a family tragedy, which will wring the heart of every woman and raise the indignation of every man.

There is a young English mother, living in Wolverhampton, who has been robbed of her husband, whose three children are without the care and guidance of their father.

A happy home has been broken up in devastating fashion, and five lives made utterly miserable.

Above the wreckage of this household a notice could be written in the boldest type:

By Order of the Home Office.

For the beginnings of this story, it is necessary to go back to the year 1923, and to meet Miss Emily Ellis, a pretty, accomplished and successful young music-hall artist.

She was born at Glasgow, the daughter of Fred Ellis, the famous pantomime clown. The whole family—father, mother and daughters—were members of "the profession," touring the country and the Continent in various music-hall acts, but always returning to Wolverhampton as their "home town."

When on tour Emily Ellis met a fellow-trouper, Joseph Kokes, a clever musician and a "hand balancer," who was described on play bills as "Cooke, the World's Greatest Equilibrist." Kokes was born in Prague, and was therefore at that time a subject of Czecho-Slovakia.

He, however, had left his own country in his youth, and had settled in France. Indeed, he served in the French army during the war.

These young people fell in love with one another. Their courtship was a delightful whirlwind affair, and they were married at St. Helen's Church, Brixton, London.

From that time onwards they made their permanent home—so far as a music-hall couple's home is ever permanent — at Wolverhampton.

The identification papers of Joseph Kokes were marked with an entry giving an address in York Street, Wolverhampton, as his "regular and permanent address."

Together and separately, since the marriage, they fulfilled innumerable engagements in this country and on the Continent.

Always, in the breaks of working, they returned to Wolverhampton, and there their three children—all sons—were born.

Of recent years, things fell badly for the Kokes. Engagements in this country for "the World's Greatest Equilibrist" became less frequent, and it was necessary for him to add to his earnings by taking a post as a musician in a dance hall band.

He continued all the while to support his wife and children, and they were completely happy.

Venturing after something better in the way of professional employment, Joseph Kokes crossed again to France. There he found music-hall conditions as difficult as in England. His engagements were only spasmodic and he could send little money home.

Consequently Mrs. Kokes had to apply for assistance on behalf of her children and herself to the Wolverhampton Poor Law authorities.

After one short visit to England in 1932, Kokes finally returned home to Wolverhampton in August of last year. His passport, shown to the aliens officer at Newhaven, was simply stamped with the name of the port of entry, and no conditions as to his stay in this country inscribed upon it.

Happy family

Back with his wife and family in their little home, Kokes succeeded in finding various engagements, and was earning money again, hoping to repay to the local authorities the amount of relief obtained by his wife.

He decided, too, that England should be his country, and took steps to become a naturalised Englishman. The necessary forms were filled in, endorsed by a Wolverhampton magistrate, and forwarded to the Home Office.

Imagine at this stage the delight of Mrs. Kokes and the boys. Father back home after a year of absence, and father going to become an Englishman. Mrs. Kokes knew, of course, that she, married to a Czech, was officially a foreigner, and above everything else she wanted to be English again.

There was happiness in the house at York Street, Wolverhampton, for it seemed that troubles were to be left behind.

So the family lived on until the end of November. Then it was that a bombshell was thrown.

One morning two detectives arrived at the house. They asked for Joseph Kokes, and, when he came forward, told him that under the regulations of the Aliens Act he would have to leave the country within a fortnight.

At once consternation and distress in the household! What was to happen? What could be done?

Pathetic letters were despatched forthwith to the Home Office in London, and as a result an extension was granted for Kokes to stay in England until the end of the year 1933.

Mrs. Kokes rushed off to interview the Czech Consul in Birmingham. He took the matter up, communicated with his Minister in London, and then replied that nothing could be done.

The decision of the Aliens Department of the Home Office had been pronounced. Joseph Kokes, subject of the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia, must return to his birth city of Prague.

If he did not go willingly, well then, he would be deported.

"But what about the rest of us?" pleaded Mrs. Kokes, the English-born girl. "What about the three children and what about me? We cannot live here in England without my husband to support us."

"No way out"

She made this plea as a tearful, distressed young woman to the Consul in Birmingham; to the Wolverhampton police, and to the officials of the Public Assistance Committee.

The various officials listened to her in the different ways of their kindness, but they all had the same answer: "We can do nothing. Your husband must go back to Prague. You and your children can stay in England or go with him, just as you wish."

What a heartless example of red tape!

Joseph Kokes. His deportation is a tragedy —and a scandal

It was impossible for Mrs. Kokes to think of accompanying her husband on his deportation, and to take the boys with her

There was not enough money in the family purse to pay the fares to London, let alone to Prague by way of Harwich, the Hook of Holland, Dresden and the frontier.

"You can go or you can stay," said the officials to Mrs. Kokes. "We cannot turn you out of the country as you were a British subject born."

Tragic Separation

So because of the regulations of the Aliens Act—read in their strict interpretation—this happy family has been sundered.

The head of the house has been snatched away; the wife and the children left.

Joseph Kokes back in Prague—the city which he last saw when he was eleven years old—and his English wife and her three boys left behind stranded in Wolverhampton.

What a tragedy and what a scandal! If Joseph Kokes had been allowed to remain in England he could have earned money for the upkeep of his wife and children, and in his work he would have displaced no Englishman.

As it is, he has been deported, and the inevitable result will be that his English wife and three children will become chargeable to the rates of Wolverhampton.

So, apart from the personal tragedy of a family thus broken up and brought to ruin, there are wider issues at stake. Here surely is a case which should receive immediate consideration by the Home Office?

War Sufferer's Battle Won

IT is difficult to believe that there are still sufferers, fifteen years after the Armistice, who have not received justice from the Ministry of Pensions.

Yet scarcely a day passes that does not bring us letters from ex-Service men about unfair treatment at the hands of the Ministry.

Victims have to fight tooth and nail for their rights. A large proportion would never obtain justice without assistance.

A typical example is the case of Mr. Frank Dibb, of Bridlington.

He enlisted in 1915 and was severely wounded the following year. About 120 pieces of shrapnel were showing in his legs and arms.

After being transferred to Class "W" of the Army Reserve, he was finally discharged and awarded a pension for two years.

Apparently, the official opinion was that he had then recovered from his wounds.

Subsequently, however, he experienced excruciating pains all over his body. His doctor ordered an immediate operation, which showed that some shrapnel had entered his back and finally lodged in his stomach.

He was only relieved to a small extent by the operation and at once applied for his pension to be re-issued. The authorities adopted the attitude that, as he had gone into hospital on his own account, his case could not be given further consideration.

In despair, Mr. Dibb appealed to us, but when we communicated with the Ministry headquarters, we were told that Mr. Dibb's award constituted a statutory settlement under the provisions of the War Pensions Act, 1921, and that if special treatment was now required, he should make application to the local office.

We pointed out that the local office had already refused to act, and reiterated our demand for a medical examination. The Ministry then notified us that arrangements, which included medical examination, would be made to ascertain the facts, both in regard to the treatment of Mr. Dibb's case and his present condition in relation to his Great War Service.

Evidently, this examination impressed the Ministry with the justice of this claim, for we have now been notified that it has been found possible to make a grant to this sufferer under Special Sanction, equivalent to a 25 per cent. disablement pension.

There is no doubt that sheer ignorance and blundering wrongfully kept from Mr. Dibb the award to which the circumstances of his case entitled him.

But for JOHN BULL's intervention his appeal might still be receiving evasive replies.

"Try this new LUNG SYRUP -it's made by BEECHAMS!"

THE GREATEST NAME IN HOME MEDICINES....

Only the unrivalled experience of the famous House of Beechams could have produced a remedy so supremely efficacious, so pleasant to take, so utterly safe, as this new lung Syrup. It was designed to act in a *new* way—a *modern* way. Beechams Lung Syrup attacks *every contributory cause* of Chest Trouble—it quickly and *completely* banishes infection. This is how its 'Five-fold' action works. First it *stops coughing*. Then throat irritation is banished, congested breathing is eased, Feverishness with high temperature is reduced and the harmful poisons generated by Respiratory Troubles are cleansed from the system.

BEECHAMS BRAND LUNG SYRUP
for COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, THROAT & CHEST AILMENTS
1/3
BEECHAMS BRAND LUNG SYRUP
COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, THROAT & CHEST AILMENTS
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Hundreds Have Written.

Here are just two extracts from the hundreds of letters received—

"I felt immensely better after only the first warming dose, and with two bottles my frightful COUGH had gone for good and all."
—*W. G. BRADFORD.*

"... My BRONCHITIS seemed to get worse and worse. I was racked from head to foot by terrible attacks of coughing. Then at last I tried Beecham's Lung Syrup. One week after I was on my feet again, feeling fit as a fiddle."
—*(Mrs.) G.S.M., LONDON, S.W.1.*

The Quickest and Surest Remedy for
COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, CHILDREN'S COUGHS, WHOOPING COUGH, CATARRH & Lung Troubles

SOLD EVERYWHERE **1/3** A BEECHAM PRODUCT

BEECHAMS BRAND **Lung Syrup**

The New Ewbank OAK TABLE RUBBER WRINGER with EXTENDING Table Top

Here is a wringer, a 32" x 22" polished oak table and 32" x 44" kitchen table in one. It will do all the weekly wash, even heavy articles with ease. Closed, with the wringer out of sight it is an attractive small table of dark polished oak admirable for hall or living-room. Open and extend the double top and you have a good size kitchen or ironing table with unpolished top. It moves easily on silent rubber wheels. Rollers are 16" x 2½", guaranteed 5 years. All metal parts of the wringer are in genuine

PORCELAIN ENAMEL

a serviceable finish of lasting brilliance unaffected by soap or soda. See this triple purpose wringer at your dealers.

£5.6.6 EXTENDING TOP 16/9 extra

Write to Manufacturers: Entwisle & Kenyon, Ltd., Dept. W.30, Accrington, for illustrated Folder.

The Perfect British Made Razor Blade

1d EACH 6 for 6d

GUARANTEED PERFECT SHAVES THE RAZEX BLADE

1d.—the cost of 3 weeks' shaving! No more worry about stropping and re-sharpening old-fashioned razors, or buying expensive blades if you have a smooth, sharp Razex Blade always ready for use. It's the World's greatest razor-blade value.

STUPENDOUS OFFER

A magnificent new razor with 6 perfect Razex Blades in handsome case for 1/-. *At all chemists or post free direct from*
RAZEX (Dept. J.B.) 42 Blenheim Rd., London, N.19

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THE Chocolate Laxative with 24 years' reputation

NOT a *compressed* tablet to be swallowed at a gulp. Best results obtained by sucking slowly at bed-time. Children like Castols and take them readily. Each 2d. packet provides one adult dose or three doses for children. No discomfort. No change in diet necessary.

Only 2d. for a trial packet
Also 1/- and 1/10 tins
All Chemists

TEST TO-NIGHT— FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW

FOR EASE AND COMFORT

All "Lybro" Togs are cut for comfort, with plenty of room for free movement. Whatever "Lybro" Brand you buy, you are getting the finest value obtainable for the money you pay.

"BLUE BUTTON" 3 Row Stitching. Tough, hard-wearing and washable dungaree—anti-shrink.
Bibs, Jackets or Trousers 5/6
Boiler Suits 8/11

WORK SHIRTS, Zip or button front 4/11

"RED BUTTON," the overall-de-luxe guaranteed unshrinkable ... ...Bibs 7/6

QUALITY OVERALLS AT LOW COST
"LION," "CHALLENGER," "LOCO" Brands from 3/11

COVERALL COATS 5/- to 10/6
Excellent quality and value

GROCERS' JACKETS 4/11

If unable to obtain, write to Workwear Ltd., Mount Vernon, Liverpool for name of nearest stockist.

A Tragic Warning to Young Men

The "MUG" who PAID with his LIFE

APPARENTLY there is no end to the "dairy swindle" which is operated in London and the provincial cities.

Time and again I have disclosed some of the frauds and unpleasant practices which seem to be particularly associated with the milk trade of this country.

Only recently appeared in these pages an article dealing with breaches of the law by a "murky milk combine" in the Essex suburbs of London.

Frequently I have given warnings against the employment-with-investment traps for innocent and inexperienced milk roundsmen.

But always something new is cropping up on the shady side of the dairy industry.

Now here is another case, more terrible than any I have yet encountered.

It involves the death of a promising young man by his own hand.

This story is told here at the wish of the bereaved parents.

For they say in their grief: "Our only son will not have died in vain if, when the full facts are made known, other young men are saved from a similar disastrous investment."

* * *

So let the facts speak:—

In the remote little Essex village of White Colne, five miles from the township of Halstead, live Mr. J. Perrin, a naval pensioner, and his wife.

A few months ago they were completely happy. They had settled into easy retirement with just sufficient income for their needs. They had bought the "Old School House," White Colne, partly for themselves, but mainly for their one son—James Perrin—so that the young man might always have a home to which he could turn, and ultimately a substantial place to inherit.

All the pride of the parents in the son was justified. He had been always a credit to them; first at school and then afterwards when he joined the Royal Air Force.

He became a leading aircraftsman in the R.A.F., and was working as an aerial photographer and map-maker. He served for a period in India, and there was a "room mate" and close friend of Aircraftsman "Shaw"—the famous Colonel Lawrence of Arabia.

When, his service completed, young Perrin was discharged from the Royal Air Force, and placed on the reserve, his character was "exemplary" and his papers were endorsed, "An efficient photographer, keen and conscientious, who works well without supervision."

* * *

The service behind him, it became necessary for James Perrin to find other work, and he spent many months fruitlessly seeking a job.

Eagerly he desired occupation in order that he might assist his father and mother from his earnings.

He knew that his father's pension was only "just sufficient," and that anything he might be able to contribute would make all the difference. Moreover, he hated being idle and living at home on his parents.

One morning James Perrin saw an advertisement which offered, under a box number and the address of an agency, a share in a London suburban milk round.

So excellent seemed the prospects that the young man took the matter up and eventually was put into communication with Jack Camp, proprietor of the Sudbury Farm Dairies, of Ricardo Street, Poplar, London.

After negotiations, Perrin paid over the sum of £65 for a share in a milk round covering thirteen streets in Poplar.

A proper agreement was signed under which Perrin was to take £3 5s. a week from the milk sales. If that figure was exceeded, then half the net profits, over and above the £3 5s. a week, were to be handed to Camp. In addition, Perrin was to pay five shillings a week rental for the use of the dairy premises in Ricardo Street.

Only a part of the purchase price could be found by Perrin. He had £35 available in savings, and the balance of £30 he borrowed from his devoted mother, who was only too ready and anxious to assist her boy in acquiring a business which they all thought would prove successful.

But high hopes were not realised. When James Perrin settled to the work of a milk roundsman he soon discovered that profits were negligible. Far from gaining his £3. 5s. a week, he lost heavily.

* * *

The struggle was too much for the young man. He was beaten, and one Saturday evening he stole away to the bedroom of his lodgings and sat down to write to his employer, to his landlady and to his mother.

With the letters finished, he lay down on his bed and took poison. In the morning he was found dead.

James Perrin. "He became a leading aircraftsman in the R.A.F."

Weekly Informations from Major-General SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

This was the despairing letter he left for his mother:—

"Darling Mother,

"I am sorry to do this thing and regret the grief I know it will cause you. Try to think that now I have all I need and no more worry. I am sorry, too, for all the expense it will cause you. If you will see Mr. Camp and take him the letter enclosed, probably he will see that the round is sold for at least the £30 you lent me. My reasons for doing this are that I am apparently unnecessary to the world as it refuses to supply me with the means of existence, and people are too smart for me. I suppose I am just a natural mug, but I don't like being a mug with your money. I trust you will recover that at least, for I doubt if unpleasant publicity would suit Mr. Camp.

"Good-bye, Mother darling. Please don't take it too hard.

"My love,

"Your Son, Jim."

A verdict of suicide while of unsound mind was returned, and the coroner, in his comments on the evidence, declared that he was satisfied James Perrin was distressed at having made a bad bargain over his milk round.

How truly pathetic it all is—a strong young life lost for a bad bargain; a mind unhinged through worry over a debt of as little as £30, borrowed from a worshipping mother.

Since the inquest the parents of James Perrin have been endeavouring to reclaim something of their son's lost money from Jack Camp, the dairyman.

Camp, with the influence of the inquest upon him, was ready to make amends.

He gave to Mrs. Perrin, the mother, a strange, illiterate document, which said:

"I, the said Mr. Camp, is grateful sorry to what has happened to Mrs. Perrin's son. I hereby, in writing, give Mrs. Perrin this agreement that I shall pay her back the money by a lump sum, and that this is an agreement, the price being £65.—Yours faithfully (signed), Jack Camp."

Although there was this agreement, no money has yet been paid by Mr. Camp to the mother.

He has folded his tents and has disappeared more completely than the Arabs.

Collection of the debt has been placed in the hands of a Colchester solicitor, and he has taken out process against Jack Camp of the Sudbury Farm Dairies.

Legal service, however, cannot be made for the man has flown.

A search of the records at Somerset House shows that his business was only established in April of last year, and was formally registered in August.

But a month after the dairy was opened, Camp was advertising profitable milk rounds for sale.

I should like to know that Jack Camp has been brought to book and made to disgorge some of his tainted profits.

But, above all, I should like to know that the case of young James Perrin is a lesson to all would-be investors for employment.

Homely Wisdom

by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

IDEALS *of* LIVING

IN these days when, without the slightest exaggeration, many of the shrewdest observers of the signs of the times are warning us that civilisation as we have hitherto known it is in the gravest danger of self-destruction or collapse, it is refreshing to hear of any evidence of the invincibility of idealism in the human heart.

The young people of the present day in this and other countries are often accused of being cynical, selfish, and disillusioned with life. Some of them are, no doubt, but no larger proportion of the whole than in any previous age.

It is my firm belief that there never was a time when the spontaneous desire to dedicate one's life to the service of high impersonal ends was more strongly marked than among the rising generation to-day.

A few weeks ago I related to a London audience the story of Albert Schweitzer's call to the admirable work he is doing in tropical Africa.

At the close of the address my host, one of the most influential preceptors of youth among our contemporaries, said quietly: "I do not know how many more of our boys you will be setting on fire with that story; but not very long ago we lost our best and most promising senior boy through it. He has given up all his professional prospects, has had himself trained for service in the tropics, and has gone out to join Schweitzer."

Bearing this statement in mind, I subsequently warned an audience of college students not to be in too great a hurry to follow a leader, whether Schweitzer, or Grenfell of Labrador, or C. F. Andrews of India, or Bishop Gwynne of the Sudan, or anyone else.

I said: "You can be sure of one thing in life. If you really want to make the best use of your gifts in the service of mankind and the advancement of some good cause, you will get your chance; but it may not come in any conspicuous or dramatic way."

Like a flame that leaps and glows in every breast is this longing and readiness to sacrifice everything to the one supreme purpose of promoting the ultimate triumph of an ideal good. I do not believe it can ever be extinguished in human nature, notwithstanding the disillusionments and setbacks to which it is continually being subjected.

Schweitzer's own call to the task with which his name is now honourably associated is an example of the truth of what I say.

He held an important position in Alsace as the head of a college and a scholar of world-wide reputation. But he felt uncomfortable at the thought of leading such a happy and congenial life while there was so much misery in the world. He made up his mind that he would give it up as soon as any clear demand for the enlistment of his energies in the lessening of the world's pain came his way.

Come it did. One morning as he sat at his desk his eye fell on an appeal for a volunteer to labour in the treatment of tropical diseases in the Congo region. He says: "As soon as I read it I put it down and went on with my immediate task. My quest was over: I knew I had found what I had been waiting for." Calmly and quietly he prepared for the new vocation that had summoned him.

So will it be with you, young man or woman, who are conscious of this same heaven-born wish to give yourself in the lightening of the world's burden of fear and pain. Wait, and you shall know; listen, and you shall hear.

New Fire-Fighting S

The SA

SENSATION has followed sensation in the fire-fighting world since the country was first shocked by the disclosures made during the great "Arson Conspiracy Trial," in which Leopold Harris, and his convicted confederates, were the central figures.

But by far the greatest surprise of all has yet to come.

And it will be nothing less than the disbandment of the historic London Salvage Corps!

What this means will be apparent when we say that this remarkable organisation has been a vital part of the fire-fighting machinery in the Metropolis for nearly seventy years.

In many ways it is absolutely unique. Founded in 1866, at the instance of the leading insurance companies, it has never had any actual official connection with the fire brigades, which are maintained by public money.

The new idea

It has, indeed, been controlled throughout its long career by a private committee, whose members have been selected from the directors and leading representatives of the insurance companies which have provided finance for its maintenance.

A body of such importance cannot pass into oblivion without some credit being given for the more useful phases of its career. Nor can the work it has done be left suspended in mid-air. Something must undoubtedly replace it, and that is a problem which is now engaging the attention of the authorities.

One suggestion which has been put forward is that the London Fire Brigade should extend its scope and combine its fire-fighting duties with those of salvage work.

But there are obvious difficulties in the way. If firemen have to stop to salve goods, they cannot give their full energies to combating a fire, and *vice versa*.

A second suggestion, and one which has so far met with more approval among experts, is that a new Salvage Corps should be established, under the direct control of the Fire Brigade, but free to direct all its energies and resources to salvage problems.

What is to happen in this direction must inevitably be a matter for the future to decide.

Let us, for the present, give our readers some idea of the amazing work the Corps has done, and some insight into the conspicuous part its men have played in the realms of smoke and flame.

The Corps has never been given to talking about itself. Its operations, from start to finish, have always been conducted with the utmost secrecy.

It has saved colossal sums for the insurance companies and for the victims of outbreaks of fire.

In one year the Corps saved over £2,000,000 for insurance companies by preventing property, in danger of spreading fires, from becoming actually involved.

How does the London Salvage Corps work?

Standing by as inconspicuously as possible—often in a side street—the men of the Corps have played their part at every big fire in conjunction with the ordinary fire brigades.

At no time has the Corps' task been an easy one. Being a private and unofficial body, its members have never been permitted to enter a burning building until the Fire Brigade chiefs have said that they could do so. Thus its men have never been seen in the limelight. Their work, in fact, really often only begins when the fire is over.

In one case, where a piano factory in Camberwell had been destroyed, the Corps had to collect thousands and thousands of tangled strings, straighten them out, and then sort them into octaves!

Where pianos were reported to have stood before the fire began small pegs were set up by the salvage men, each representing an instrument.

And when the requisite number of octaves had been fixed to each peg, and it was found that there was not one wire short, the insurance companies had just the knowledge they wanted!

Skill and danger have always gone hand in hand where the work of the Corps is concerned.

Not long ago a terrific blaze occurred at a big London film studio.

The spark

In the basement was stored all kinds of highly inflammable articles, including a vast quantity of celluloid, and a number of costly films which had not yet been released.

Had the fire reached this priceless underground storeroom the result would have been disastrous not only to certain insurance companies, but to many adjacent buildings.

Twenty salvage men entered the basement, while men of the Fire Brigade were fighting the flames immediately above them, and, bit by bit, moved all the highly inflammable property to safety.

One salvage man was badly injured—a celluloid roll was ignited by a spark as he was carrying it, with other salvaged goods, to safety.

But he had the presence of mind—and training—to fling it into an open space as far from him as possible and to rush on with his other load to his destination despite the fact that his tunic was ablaze and his free hand and arm severely burnt.

Though he later spent some days in hospital, there is no doubt that several lives, as well as considerable property, were saved through his courage.

Narrow escapes like this have been common. Last year a huge chemical factory caught alight, and, even before the fire brigade had arrived, its top floors were a raging furnace.

Though dangerous materials were kept on most of the stories of the building, the bulk of the stock—which was valued at £150,000—was on the ground floor. If the flames spread downwards and enveloped the lower floors, at least seven adjacent buildings, in one of which was a big petrol tank, would be doomed.

In complete darkness, and with explosions occurring all around them, the Salvage Corps men located and carried every possible article of value—and danger—away and, in the blackness, took such precautionary measures that—despite the terrific heat and the falling walls and ceilings—even the costly plant was practically undamaged.

Much the same sort of thing occurred when a fire broke out at a big fur works in North London. Near by stood a large warehouse which contained hundreds of gallons of crude oil.

Another adjacent building was engaged in the manufacture of cartridges, and this presented an oxygen peril of the most dangerous character when the flames eventually reached it.

In the inferno

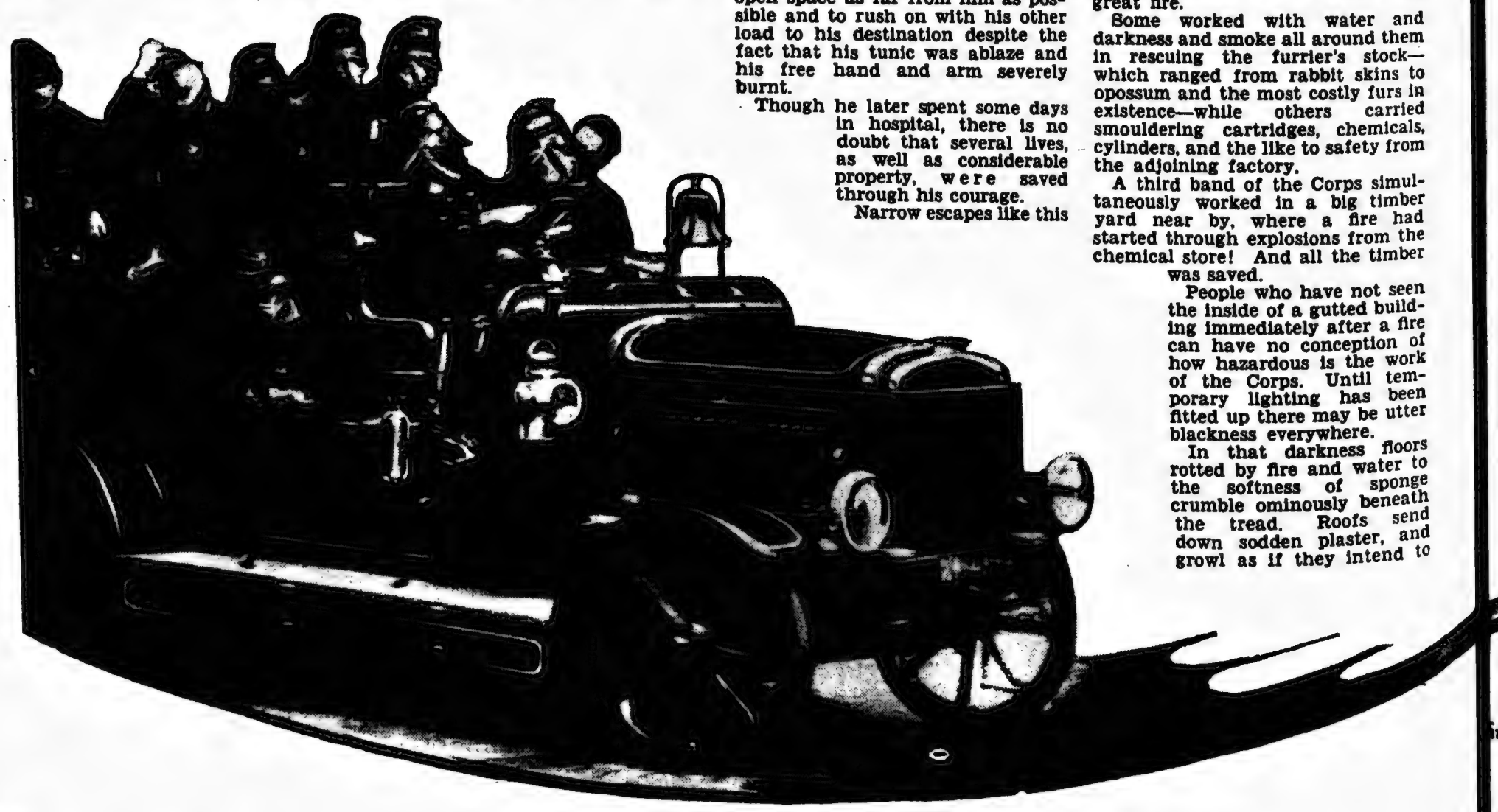
Men of the Salvage Corps had a most venturesome time during this great fire.

Some worked with water and darkness and smoke all around them in rescuing the furrier's stock—which ranged from rabbit skins to opossum and the most costly furs in existence—while others carried smouldering cartridges, chemicals, cylinders, and the like to safety from the adjoining factory.

A third band of the Corps simultaneously worked in a big timber yard near by, where a fire had started through explosions from the chemical store! And all the timber was saved.

People who have not seen the inside of a gutted building immediately after a fire can have no conception of how hazardous is the work of the Corps. Until temporary lighting has been fitted up there may be utter blackness everywhere.

In that darkness floors rotted by fire and water to the softness of sponge crumble ominously beneath the tread. Roofs send down sodden plaster, and growl as if they intend to



Sensation

SALVAGE CORPS to GO

follow in their entirety. Hot and smouldering walls show veins of light where they have cracked.

All the time cascades of filthy water pour down from every direction, and smoke—impregnated with ever-changing odours, sickly, pungent, and nauseating—rises from mounds too hot to touch.

One man was injured for life when the Corps was called to a big suburban fire in which waste film, wood spirit and thousands of barrels of benzine were in darkness moved to safety.

Three others were so blinded by the smoke and otherwise injured that they had to receive hospital treatment.

Once, a few hours after a vast riverside fire, cooling drinks were rushed along to the night guard.

So fierce had been the blaze that it was thought that the shell of the building would be a hell-hole of smoke and stifling heat.

But the order was quickly countermanded and hot drinks rushed along instead, when the real facts became known.

For the Salvage Corps men were working in a fantastic ice cavern!

Walls were completely hidden by millions of icicles. Ceilings and floors were draped in ice of the strangest patterns. And wherever water had poured through in the middle of a room, thick pillars of ice gave added support to the weakened building.

An unusually severe frost had transformed the sodden ruin into a gigantic ice-box in the space of a few hours, and the salvage men, instead of working with squeegees, had to chip the "water" away with axes.

At another wharfside fire, in which, despite the work of the Salvage Corps, damage to the extent of £250,000 was done, a similar experience was encountered.

Water froze as it dripped from the walls, and although the fire smouldered for days, the men, with their tunics festooned by coatings of ice, had to hack through stalactite-like icicles a foot long in order to rescue what property they could find below!

One of the strangest experiences, perhaps, was when a South London chocolate factory caught fire.

Tons of melting chocolate dripped down as the work of salvage, under the sombre glow of acetylene lamps, went on.

A terrific snowstorm was raging at the time and almost as soon as the hot liquid chocolate fell through the burnt and crumbling ceilings, it froze!

In another case, when £30,000 worth of goods were saved after a huge Hackney fire, salvage men stood for days in three feet of icy cold water cutting boxes and crates out of ice!

Members of the Corps recall a thrilling experience two years ago when a big riverside warehouse caught fire. Two transport vessels, loaded with £200,000 of insured cargo, were in danger of being lost as they were moored close to the leaping flames.

As, time and again, the flames caught them the Salvage men who had taken their places on the ships in the chilly darkness, did their best to protect the property.

The brewery fire

Suddenly, a big explosion occurred: there was a terrific splash, and one of the vessels turned on its side and flung its cargo—both human and otherwise—into the water.

After swimming about among such things as crates of tea, barrels of limejuice, and heavy lengths of timber, the men were all finally rescued as, indeed, in due course, was most of the cargo!

They still laugh—though at the time it was no laughing matter—over the salvage work they once had to do at a London brewery. The fumes as they entered the cellars, combined with the stench of beer which had been actually boiled during the fire, were so overpowering that several of them were rendered unconscious, and for days suffered severe pains in the head as the result of a temporary form of alcoholic poisoning.

There is one case on record where members of the Corps saved 10,000 gallons of whisky and 50,000 cases of expensive wines by removing vat after vat and case after case from the smouldering debris for days on end.

Then there was the great Hop Exchange fire, in which some astonishing work was done in the salvage of wines worth a fortune and some 3,000 bags of hops.

A gruesome experience recalled not long ago from a fire at Islington where three adjacent buildings were gutted. Whilst searching among the debris for any property that could be salved, the Corps came across a body that was lying in a shroud awaiting burial!

In another case, where a restaurant had been burnt from roof to kitchen, they found a sleek, well-fed cat safely ensconced under a box which had suffered no more damage than being covered by debris from the falling walls!

They have searched for strange things in their time—for diamonds and tin kettles, for bales of silk, and for hempen corners from which they could judge how many sacks had been devoured by flames.

They even had to look for relics of Napoleon's coach, Nelson's uniform, and other equally valuable antiques when fire gutted Madame Tussaud's Waxworks Exhibition.

Everyone knows the story that nobody could spend a night in the Chamber of Horrors. Well, members of the Salvage Corps had to spend many nights in the gutted room of that exhibition, with the remains of blocks, guillotines and other grisly objects all round them. But they did not mind—it all came into their day's work!

A specially maintained "intelligence service" run from the Corps headquarters has proved invaluable throughout the years—so much so that insurance companies have been regularly furnished with advance information concerning all "dubious risks."

In mourning

The method of distributing this vital information was probably unique.

Every insurance office supporting the Corps has periodically received an imitation mourning card, heavily bordered in black, bearing on one side the name of the Corps president and on the reverse the name and address of some firm.

The card bore no word of comment, but the insurance offices would gather from the card that the firm named was to be regarded as a dubious "risk" and therefore to be privately blacklisted.

The Corps is itself in mourning now!

On the heels of the fire brigade come these men of the London Salvage Corps, ready to play their part in the great fire-fighting drama

"DOES YOUR HEART GOOD TO SEE HER"

says Mrs. O'BRIEN, 3 Hornsey Place, Stoke Newington, London.

"Such a bonny child" people say about my girl Mary. If you'd seen her last winter! At last someone told me how important it is what children drink at that age. So I changed her to Rowntree's Cocoa and she's so well now — it does your heart good to see her."

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"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories—68

Once I was a GHOST!

I WAS down-and-out in Melbourne when I signed on for a job with a South Sea trading company. In high hope, I set out from Sydney Harbour in a little steamer of a thousand tons—the s.s. *Malaita*. I was booked for the west coast of Malekula, which is the biggest island of the New Hebrides.

When I told the first mate I was to work for a man named Reszke he grinned. I questioned him day after day about Malekula and tried to probe behind that grin, but not a word would he say except that the west coast was a "pretty tough spot." And the rest of the crew were no more communicative.

At Vila, capital of the New Hebrides, we went ashore, and, in a saloon there, the first mate remarked that we'd be at my destination in about a week, and then, looking at my glass—I was drinking wine—he remarked: "That's funny—d——d funny!"

I asked him to explain. He placed his hand on my shoulder and said: "You won't say a word if I tell you?"

I promised, though his mysterious attitude seemed absurd to me. He told me then that three trips ago they had taken a passenger named Pender to the same job.

"Is he still there?" I asked.

"Yes, and no," he replied mysteriously. He glanced at me over his glass. "Pender was a boxer. If he had been anything else, he might have been alive to-day. You never want to tackle a native with your fists."

He told me that Pender had tried to fight a score of Malekulan bushmen. I was sipping my wine, and he added: "Pender was sitting at this self-same table three months ago, and he was drinking wine—red wine!"

I managed to grin, but could not help feeling that he got a kind of malicious delight out of telling his yarn. On the other hand, he reminded me of my promise. He worked for a shipping company which was anxious to see as many white men in the New Hebrides as possible.

In due course, on a blue and gold tropic morning, the anchor chain rattled out, a few yards off a wonderful little strip of palm-tufted beach.

Reszke came aboard and shook hands with me. I rather liked his easy, friendly manner, but he was not the kind of man I had visioned as a trader and planter.

"You'll love this place before long," he said, with genuine enthusiasm. "It grows on one, doesn't it, Carl?" His question was addressed to a big Swede who had come aboard with him.

"Get out!" I said, and added—most unwisely as I know now—"or I shoot"

THOSE first three months on the island were full of interest to me. It was only a small island off the mainland of Malekula, and there were no more than three hundred acres of it. I found everything enjoyable, and each day I had to accompany Carl on trading trips along the coast.

And then, at the end of three months, Reszke told me he had decided to buy a trading station a few miles up the coast. "I want you to put through the deal," he said. "Carl is doing the Oban trip. You can take the cutter and set off in the morning."

I set sail, with a hundred sovereigns in a little canvas bag. The transaction, I discovered, amounted to buying an island very similar to that of the head station. The New Hebridean group is under dual control—the French settlers flying their flag and the English the Union Jack. A gunboat of each nation settles disputes with the natives.

The Frenchman's Island, as it was called, was only one of many off the mainland. It was densely wooded, with a sheltered crescent-shaped beach of black volcanic sand from the volcano of Ambrym, for ever flaming into the sky.

Auguste, the Frenchman, met me on the beach. His trade room and general residence was little more than a grass hut, containing two rooms. We completed the deal over a glass of absinthe.

"Well, I pull down the flag," nodded Auguste, as he walked to the little flagpole between the copra shed and his trade room. As the French flag fluttered down he shook his fist, after the manner of the French, at the dark Malekulan coastline. "Belong you now," he said, lapsing into pidgin, with a queer smile at the flagpole.

I ran up the Union Jack, and asked him why he had shaken his fist at the coastline. He swore a long string of French oaths, but I could get no more out of him.

I wished him "*Bon voyage*," and he hopped aboard his cutter, and, with sails fluttering, was soon making out to sea.

I shall never forget the utter loneliness of that moment. There was not another soul on the island. The hut in which I slept was a haven for hermit crabs, which climbed up the side of the room and fell on the coral-strewn floor during the night. My only light was a hurricane lamp. From day to day a few natives came from the mainland to buy goods.

They were a surly lot, and I sensed that they resented my presence. I thought, then, their attitude was due to my youth. I was only nineteen, and not very good with pidgin English, which was the only common link between us.

Among the beads, calico, knives, fireworks and tinned goods and tobacco which I traded for coconuts and copra was a number of pipes. One day a big Malekulan named Maltock began peacocking around the store-room, throwing out his chest in a truculent manner, and generally performing for the entertainment of his tribe, seemingly, so I imagined, at my expense.

He strode up to the counter and began trying the pipes, putting one after another in his mouth, and making grimaces, to the amusement of his fellows, who laughed long and loudly at his antics.

My nerves were on edge, and the loneliness of my position, untutored in the ways of these people, made me act on the spur of the moment. With a sweep of my hand I gathered up the pipes and said "Finish!"

Maltock laughed outright in my face. All that I had heard about being firm with natives flashed white-hot through my already overwrought mind. Without another word I jerked an automatic pistol from beneath the counter and jabbed it under his nose. "Get out!" I said, and added—most unwisely, as I know now—"or I shoot."

"Shoot," he said, with an air of contempt.

I knew then I'd made a terrible mistake, and tried to cover it up by pitching the automatic on a shelf behind me. Of what avail was that small weapon against the odds of a hundred to one?

I started to tidy up the store as if the whole episode had passed from my mind, but that band of natives had obviously discovered I was very much shaken. Presently they went off, laughing among themselves as they strolled towards their beached canoes.

(*Continued on page 24*)

"We were gradually drifting apart

UNTIL—A NURSE FRIEND GAVE ME THIS TIP"

"My husband and I were married when he was 'demobbed'—14 years last April, and hardly a cross word ever. Still a woman has to watch she doesn't get tired out and 'old' quicker than her husband. Last Xmas I was working very hard. I had to use up a lot of strength keeping out colds and 'flu . . . I felt too tired out and nervy even to go to the pictures.

HUSBAND GOING OUT ALONE

"My husband got to going out alone. Even when he did come home I was always tired. We were gradually drifting apart. Then a friend of mine who's a nurse gave me this tip — she recommended Hall's Wine. I started, and the very first bottle stopped me feeling tired. Hall's Wine tastes lovely too. Now I've got back all my strength, we're both much happier." (Signed) *Gertrude Graham*, 118 *Edith Road, West Kensington.*

ELDERLY WOMAN RECOVERS STRENGTH

"I felt old and 'out of it,' my children never brought their friends home. And I couldn't work well. Then my sister told me about Hall's Wine. Now I've recovered all my old strength." (Signed) *M. Molina*, 76 *Bertram Crescent, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

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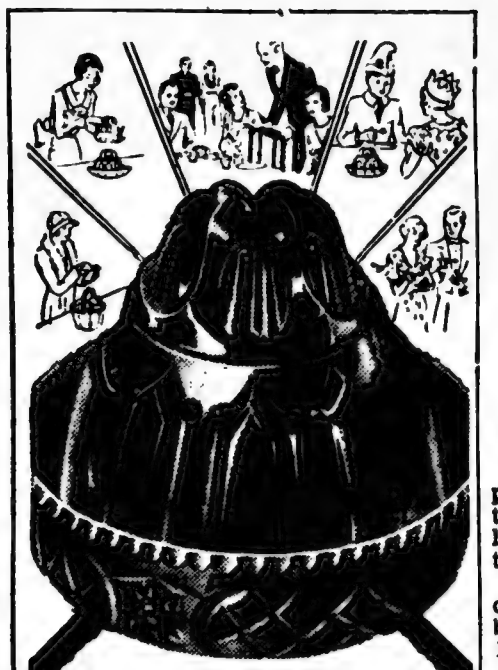
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Continued from page 22

My South Sea Miracle

I was more than relieved as I watched them paddle away, all chanting the dirge-like songs of their tribe. That chanting seemed to me to be linked to the outer confines of darkness, and had the effect of emphasising the loneliness of the place.

On retiring that night I was still under the spell of the day's events, and did not sleep until a little before dawn. The sun was high in the sky when I awoke.

Outside, along each of the beaten tracks, I found little green twigs and leaves stuck in the ground. As there was not a soul on the island, their presence puzzled me. That day no one came to the island to trade.

I trampled down the twigs and leaves, wondering how they had come there and what they meant. On the second and third night the twigs and leaves were replaced and trampled down or uprooted by me

The silent warfare of signs was more wearing than any open hostility, and I was glad on the fourth day to find a small ketch beating up to the island.

THE owner was a man named Louis Parer, and no Robinson Crusoe ever gave a man more hearty welcome than I gave him

Over the only bottle of wine I had in stock we sat and talked. At my invitation he agreed to stop the night. I then told him about the course of events.

He told me the twigs and leaves were native taboo signs, and his whole attitude changed. He suddenly remembered the tide would be against him in the morning. "I'd better get along tonight," he said.

This statement enhanced my fears. Was he afraid? "What do they mean with those taboos?" I asked.

"Want you to clear out. They did that with Auguste before they got him!"

"Got him?" I asked. "What do you mean?" The Frenchman had not said a word about it, but I recalled how he had shaken his fist at the Malekulan coastline.

"They beat Auguste to a pulp almost and had him down when Reszke and Carl arrived. In fact, Reszke and Carl saved his life. Just as their cutter hove in sight Maltock had a great stone lifted over Auguste, and it was only a matter of seconds when a rifle-shot from Reszke stopped the murder."

It was easy to understand how anxious Auguste had been to sell, for a hundred pounds, a very profitable trading station.

"What happened to Pender?" I asked him. Both Reszke and Carl had told me that Pender had cleared out on a trading schooner, whereas the mate of the *Malaita* said he had been killed.

LOUIS shook his head. He didn't know what had happened to Pender. One could not believe the natives, and white men did not always tell the truth. "I leave it to you," he said.

With an expression of all kinds of regret he left me, but not before he said: "I wouldn't stay in that hut at night if I were you." With a nod towards the Malekulan hills, he added: "They're a nasty lot—the worst on this coast."

The long shadows of the Malekulan ranges were rushing out across the sea as he sailed off, leaving me doubly ill at ease. I had no cutter or ketch to sail back to the main station and tell what had happened, but I did have a canoe.

I set out in my canoe as soon as it was dark, and had not gone far when I discovered a strong tide was flowing directly against me. Being in desperate mood, I battled on. It must have been near midnight when I found I was not more than a hundred yards from the

Silhouette of palms against billowing clouds . . . A South Sea island cameo

weather side of my island, and that to continue further would mean ultimately drifting out to sea.

Defeated, I beached the canoe on the side of the island opposite the trading store, and then climbed a great breadfruit tree near the store itself. I had a premonition that something was about to happen. Soon I discerned a series of fiery flashes on the sea between the island and the mainland.

These were the disturbed phosphorescent sea dripping from the paddles of the oncoming canoes. I wondered if the natives were only going to plant their leafy taboos, or if they were bent on some destructive mission.

Above all, were they planning to attack *me*? That night in the tree was the worst I have ever spent. The natives landed, and, although I could not see them, I could hear them moving about.

I was also aware that they had not entered the store. It was locked, and I should have heard them hacking the door down if they had made any attempt on it.

Tense and listening, at last I knew. The acrid fumes of burning coconut leaves smote the air. They had set fire to the store!

It blazed up into the night and lit up the sea for hundreds of yards. I waited and watched, spellbound. Next came their dirgeful chanting, and they were off, their paddling movements again visible in the phosphorescent sea.

It was dawn when I climbed down, a thousand times relieved at the sight of Reszke approaching the island in his cutter.

"I'll fix the swine," he declared. "You come with me, but keep out of sight."

I went into the cabin of the cutter and stayed there, as he had directed. His decision to face the natives alone amazed me. He kept muttering all kinds of dire threats as we sailed across to the mainland.

Nothing daunted, the whole tribe of Malekulans were waiting for him a little way from the beach in a small break in the jungle beyond the mangrove swamp.

"Stay put," he directed, as he leapt ashore. The water was deep, and he was able to tie the cutter to a mangrove root. I watched him sail into those natives, cursing as he laid about him with the butt of a small Winchester. They fell before him like ninepins—all except Maltock, who made rush after rush at him with a big club.

Every time Maltock rushed my heart leapt in my throat. I felt that if Reszke went down, as I was sure must happen sooner or later, I would have to take a hand, orders or no orders.

He appeared to bear a charmed life, but through the small cabin window I could see he was slowly but surely becoming exhausted. At last he staggered, and Maltock rushed in with a yell. His big club rose, but again Reszke rolled free and leapt to his feet.

But it couldn't last. As Reszke swung the rifle butt in a complete circle Maltock rushed him from behind and bore him down. In the next second a dozen natives were on top of him.

With my heart pounding, I managed to rush out, picking a great stick from the ground as I ran. I brought it down on the first native in my path.

BUT what futility! It was eaten with white ants and broke in a puff of smoke over that hard head—fell to powder in my hands.

But something else had happened. With a yell the natives leapt away from Reszke and for perhaps half-a-dozen seconds stared at me. At the end of that time—an eternity to me—they rushed off into the forest.

Reszke was sitting on the ground, his head gashed and bleeding. He nodded, pressed my hand and smiled. He was panting to regain breath, but otherwise he was all right.

"Thanks," he said simply. "They think you're a ghost!"

And that was it. They thought I had been burned to death in the hut the night before! Resurrected from the dead, my presence had put them to flight.

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

A Mother's Cry

Hilda

HILDA'S mother is in very real and deep distress. Her husband, a pre-war soldier, who served throughout the war from start to finish, holding the rank of sergeant, "had pride once," she says, "but it's all being taken from him. He has been out of employment for four years, and God only knows we have had to struggle.

"My baby, aged three, suffers terribly from tympanitis of the ears, which will, if not properly cared for, go to her brain. She is under the children's hospital, but I am unable to keep her attending regularly enough, as the fares cost more than I can afford. It is awful to see her suffer.

"Then I've got a little girl of nine years in the first stage of consumption, with anæmia and debility, and greatly in need of care. But what can I do? I have to depend on my eldest lad or my husband to do my housework, such as cleaning. I can do the light work, but that is all.

"I am in arrears with my rent, and in a lot of debt for one thing or another. It is worrying the very life out of me."

Does this sound like the cry of one who is making the worst instead of the best of things? Remember, she is in bad health and for four years has had to keep herself, husband and five young children on her husband's unemployment pay of 33s. 3d. a week.

So, "Brother, can you spare a dime?" for this sad family? Donations earmarked "Hilda," or for the fund generally, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

THE INDIAN ROPE TRICK

in which the conjurer throws a rope into the air where it is said to remain fixed; a small boy climbs the rope and disappears. Ask your friend the Colonel about it!

Can you digest that?

The Indian Rope Trick is like indigestion; some people know that it exists while others refuse to believe in it. Those who refuse to believe in indigestion are obviously people who would never think of sitting down to a steak or a plate of ham or bacon-and-egg without a good dab of Mustard. For they know that Mustard improves the flavour of the food as well as making it much more digestible. Always remember the Mustard.

it's nicer with Mustard

—Colman's Mustard

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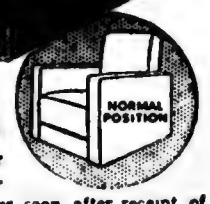
In its LOUNGING POSITION it is perfect for a man and his pipe after a long day's work. Ideal, too, for that rest in the afternoon that every woman loves.

And what amazing value this new Berkeley production offers. The materials and workmanship are of the highest quality. The seat is not only perfectly sprung, but is ALL-HAIR stuffed. The back is also sprung and deeply upholstered. Both back and seat are quickly detachable from the main frame, which makes for very easy thorough cleaning. Coverings are the very latest and most fashionable designs in multi-coloured Repp in a variety of shades. Other Coverings are Damask, Tapestry, etc. Fitted with concealed castors which raise the chair 1½ ins. from the floor. *Send Coupon for Catalogue giving full details of all Models and Patterns from which to choose your own Coverings.*



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or 65/-—10/- with order and balance 10/- monthly.

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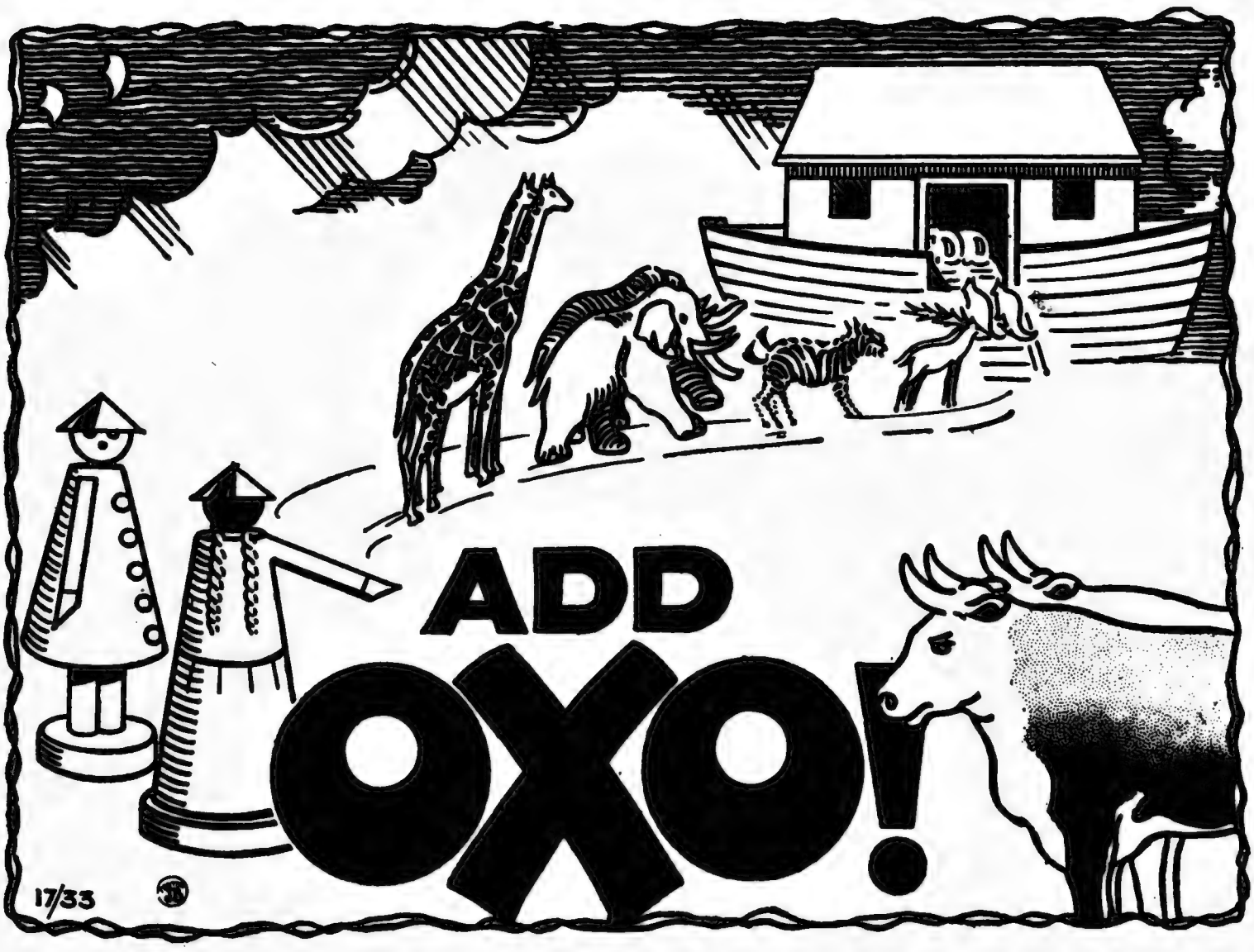

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WILL STOP
COUGHS and BRONCHITIS

NO matter how bad or long standing your cough, FAMEL SYRUP can positively be relied on to afford quick and lasting relief. This has been proved thousands of times by former sufferers from coughs, bronchitis and other lung troubles.

Formerly nature's most valuable curative agent for the lungs and throat could only be inhaled—but thanks to research in the FAMEL Laboratories, it can now be administered directly through the digestive organs into the blood stream, where, by stimulating the defensive action of the blood corpuscles, it drives out the infection from within.

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READ THESE REPORTS
typical of Thousands

Cough Disappears after 3 Doses

"I thank you a thousand times for your wonderful cough mixture. I had a terrible cough which nearly tore me to pieces. I used to cough for about 5 hours at a time, but after taking one dose I got relieved by magic, *and after taking three doses my cough had entirely disappeared* and once again I am feeling quite well."—(*Mrs.*) *C. E., Gillingham.*

"Used only Half a Small Bottle"

"Famel Syrup has been wonderful in curing my little daughter's cough, and *we have only used half a small bottle.* Formerly she had little sleep, and now she sleeps through till morning."—(*Mrs.*) *N. B., Munstergate.*

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"I am pleased to inform you that my son, 15 years of age, is completely cured by the use of your excellent syrup, of obstinate Bronchitis. . . . I am bound to say that your syrup has a marvellous effect."—*W.*

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[1/6 & 3/- triple quantity] Brand SYRUP

Sold by all Chemists.

Distributors: Wilcox Jonsan & Co., Ltd., 15, St. St. Andrew Street, London, W.C.2, and 19, Temple Bar, Dublin.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

probed by *Philip Inman*

Ingratitude?

THE GIRL who has *Repaid Enough*

HAVE you ever heard anybody talk like this: "And that's the way I'm treated after all I've done for him. . . . Base ingratitude, I call it. . . . But then, what else can you expect in this world?"

There are crowds of folk who feel they have a grievance of that kind. They have done somebody a good turn. And what happens? That kindness is completely forgotten when the chance comes for it to be repaid.

But there is another side to this question. There are some people who are for ever prating of what they have done for others. They conveniently forget what those others have done for them. Here is a case in point.

A husband and wife without any children adopted a little girl of three and they brought her up as their own child. Now she is twenty-three years old and has been engaged to be married for the last two and a half years.

"We have no objection to her young man," this woman correspondent tells me. "In fact, we like him very much, as he is a steady, decent-living boy. But what we don't like is that they propose to get married next Easter. You see, my husband has had no work for nearly a year and he is still unemployed, so that to a large extent we are dependent upon our adopted daughter's earnings.

"We have pointed all this out and have reminded her of what she owes us for all we have done for her. But she replies that, whilst she is grateful, her boy is not happy in lodgings and wants a home of his own. We think she ought to show her gratitude by falling in with our wishes. What do you think?"

My correspondent is inclined to dwell too much upon what she and her husband have done for this girl. She is shutting her eyes to what the girl must have meant to them. After all, they had no child of their own, and they have had their adopted daughter's companionship for twenty years. And she obviously has done her duty nobly by them. For a year this woman's husband has been unemployed and this girl's earnings have been largely instrumental in maintaining the home.

DOES my correspondent suggest that these two young people should postpone their marriage until her husband obtains work again? That would be most unreasonable. Let her remember that this is not one of those sudden "engaged today, married to-morrow" cases. The couple have been engaged for two and a half years and this young fellow feels that the time has come to have a home of his own. I am on his side. And I think my correspondent will be, too, if she faces this question.

But that does not mean this adopted daughter should leave her people in the lurch. She can still do her best to help them, either by keeping on her present job for the time being, or, with her husband's knowledge and approval, assisting them a little out of her housekeeping allowance.

The young man, I am told, is a "decent, clean-living" fellow, and, in his love for his wife, he will share her concern for her people. I advise my correspondent, therefore, to make a friend of him instead of alienating him by opposing his legitimate desires.

Now problems in which illness plays a part are always difficult to solve. And especially when relations enter into them. There is so often a sentimental aspect which cannot be ignored. This is so in my next case. A young man writes and says:

"After a spell of unemployment my Uncle Bob, who is a farmer in a small way, offered me my keep if I would give him a hand. I was very glad to do this as, whilst it was of assistance to me, I knew it would also help him and would be some return for his kindnesses to me in the past. Some weeks later my Uncle Harry, after a great deal of trouble, found me a job with the firm he works for, and now a very difficult situation has arisen. My Uncle Bob has been taken ill and he has written to ask me to go back to manage the farm for him.

"Will you please tell me where my duty lies? Should I give up my present job, which is a very decent one, or should I, after all my Uncle Bob has done for me, leave him stranded when he is ill?"

I SHOULD really like to hear what that Uncle Harry has to say about this problem. He seems to be very intimately connected with it. After a great deal of trouble he obtained employment for his nephew in the firm where he works. Would those employers relish the idea of this young man rushing away just as he is settling down in his new job? And would not a step of this kind react unfavourably upon his Uncle Harry? That is the first point to be cleared up.

The second one concerns the young man himself. A good deal depends on where he feels his future lies. If he is fond of farming and thinks he can make a living at it, then I think his course is clear. His inclination and his gratitude to his Uncle Bob go hand-in-hand. But if he feels there is no future for him in that line of life and he is happy in his new-found employment, he should stick to that.

Let him remember, too, that he owes his other uncle a debt of gratitude for getting him his present job.

"But what about my Uncle Bob?" he says. "Should I leave him stranded now that he is ill?"

Certainly not. After hearing what his Uncle Harry has to say, he should talk things over with that farmer uncle as well. He should say to him: "If I give up my work, what will happen when you are better? You haven't got a remunerative position to offer me." That man will surely recognise the force of that argument.

In these days when men are clamouring for work, it should be easy to find someone else to look after that farm. My correspondent might keep an eye on the place during week-ends and help things on by sparing a few shillings a week out of his wages. These are ways in which he can assist. And I am sure if he will consider carefully the points I have raised, he will find the answer to his questions.

And here is another young man who finds himself in serious difficulties. But in his case they are largely of his own making. Several months ago he had a severe nervous breakdown and it was then that his troubles commenced.

"My nerves," he says, "had absolutely gone, and I felt completely down-and-out until I got to know a young married woman. She did me far more good than any doctor, for she was bright and cheery and helped me in no end of ways. To my surprise, a short time after I recovered I received a letter from her in which she said that she loved me and could not live without me.

"It came as a great shock, as I had never given her any cause to write such a letter. I owe her a great deal, it is true, but I never regarded her as anything but a good friend. It might, of course, have been different had she been free. But she has a good husband who thinks the world of her.

"I have written and told her all this. But now she has started to threaten me, saying that she will inform her husband of our association, though, if she speaks the truth, there is nothing wrong that she can say. I am terribly worried over the whole business and should be most grateful for your advice."

NOW in my opinion this young man acted very foolishly in associating with a young married woman, presumably without her husband's knowledge. And yet there is *some* excuse for him. He was ill and depressed. He naturally sought a way of escape from himself.

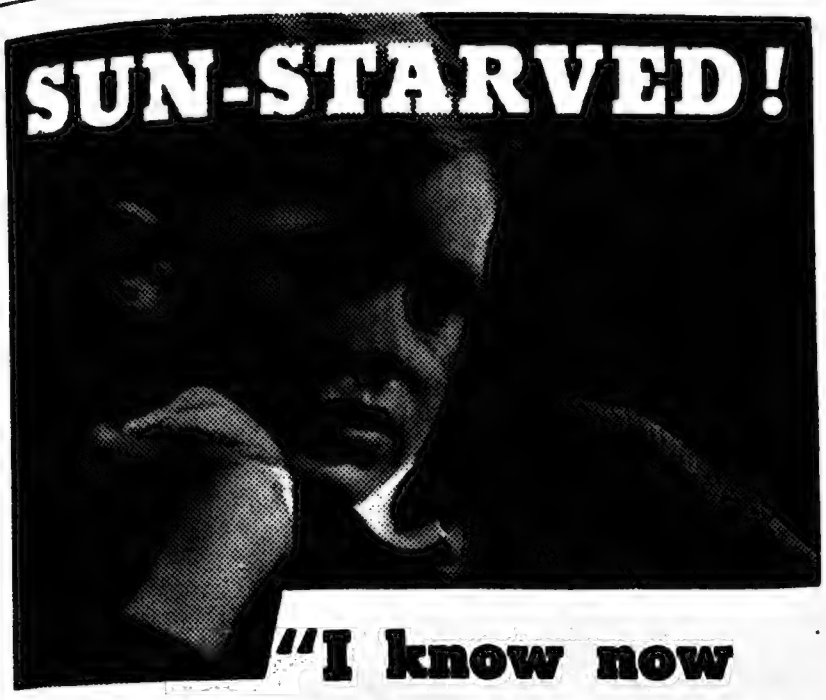
But if there *is* a little excuse for him, there is absolutely none for her. Supposing her protestations of love are genuine—she should never have allowed herself to reach such a pass. Has she no consideration for her own husband? Does it mean nothing to her that he is a decent fellow and that he thinks the world of her? Apparently not. I can only conclude that she is a bad lot.

So my advice to this young man will be short and to the point. He must have absolutely nothing further to do with this woman. If she persists in molesting him, his only course is to consult a solicitor. He will soon put that woman in her right place.

Philip Inman is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist," and exists to help you to solve the problem which is causing you anxiety. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

She sets out with the man she loves on a new life—are those foster-parents justified in expecting her to turn back?

SUN-STARVED!



"I know now why my strongest son was ill every winter"

"My two sons are so different. Keith's a lot stronger than John, yet he used to be ill every winter—colds and flu'—just as bad as John." writes *Mrs. Mantell, 7 Queen's Rd., Finchley.* "On Bank Holiday I was talking to a doctor who said strong sunshine was what kept boys well. In winter Keith missed it as much as John—no wonder he was ill. Doctor said Keith needed something to take the sun's place and advised Scott's Emulsion.

"I started Keith and John on Scott's. The first bottle was wonderful—last winter neither had a single day's illness. Scott's is marvellous."

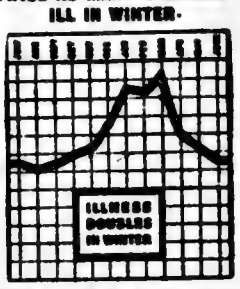
DOCTORS EXPLAIN WHY

Thousands of mothers say the same. Doctors explain why—each tablespoonful of Scott's has the health value of 2 hours summer sunshine. Builds bone. Puts on flesh. *Keeps your child well! Get Scott's to-day.*

"IS MY GIRL A RECORD?"

asks Mrs. DORRINGTON,
112 *Portnall Road, Maida Hill, W.10.*
"My girl, aged ten, goes to our local school. She hasn't been away one day in the last 2 years. Every day in winter I give her Scott's Emulsion. Can you tell me if my girl's case is a record?"

TWICE AS MANY CHILDREN ILL IN WINTER.



This chart shows there are twice as many children ill in winter due to lack of sunshine. Keep your child safe—one tablespoonful of Scott's has the health value of 2 hours strong sunshine.

Scott's Emulsion

Does what the Sun does

PROFESSOR A. M. LOW

We have pleasure in announcing that **Prof. A. M. LOW**, the eminent Engineering Scientist, has accepted the post of Principal to the B.I.E.T. It is impossible to over-emphasise the importance of this event and the tremendous advantages all connected with the Institute will enjoy as a result of the Professor's appointment. We urge you, this New Year, to let us show you how we can help you, how we can alter your entire outlook and earning power, whatever your age or experience. Send to-day for

"ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES."

This 256-page Handbook is full of unusual information. Among other things, it gives details of the **B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E., L.I.O.B., G.P.O., Matric.**, etc., Exams., outlines modern Home-Study Courses in all branches of **Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero., Radio Engineering, Building, Neon-Lighting**, etc., and explains the activities of our Employment Dept. No engineer can afford to be without the information contained in this unique Handbook. Send for your copy now—

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BOTHERED WITH ECZEMA 5 YEARS

On Arms, Neck and Head. Healed by Cuticura.

"Eczema started with a rash and itching and went on like that for some time. Then it came out in dry patches that scaled over, and the irritation was unbearable at times. The eruptions were inflamed and I could not rest when I got warm. It was on my arms, neck and head and bothered me for five years.

"I sent for free samples of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they helped me. I purchased more and in about six months I was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. S. Sanders, Drakes Farm, Chittlehamholt, Nr. Umberleigh, Devon, Eng., Dec. 29, 1931.

For all purposes of the toilet and bath, Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are excellent.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 2d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s., 2d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Basnet St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

"Yes that's because we like the freshness of Bondman'

When tobacco means so much to a man there must be some good reason behind it. There is–freshness! And that's the secret of a rich, cool, dependable smoke–the secret of Bondman. *Every* ounce is scientifically packed in Vacuum Sealed Tins for lasting freshness. Be sure of a really mellow tobacco in tip-top condition—Get Bondman to-day!

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DOG LISTLESS

—a victim of winter sluggishness

HAVE you ever heard anyone say "I'm tired of seeing that dog moping around the house. Can't somebody do something for him?" Yes, you can. You can bring back his health and happy spirits in a few days by giving him Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

Of course, dogs become listless and sluggish in winter **unless you help them to keep their blood pure.** Bad weather prevents you giving them half the exercise they need, and then even one meal of too rich food makes their liver sluggish and their stomach sour.

Because Bob Martin's Condition Powders remove every impurity from the blood, they prevent (and quickly cure) all blood disorders such as **listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite, dull or loose coat, continual scratching, eczema and swellings between the toes.**

The correct way to condition your dog is to give him a Bob Martin's Condition Powder three times a day on two successive days in every week. Begin **now** to give your dog perfect health.

1/- boxes of 21 powders; 6d. packets of 9—everywhere. LWB

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS **CONDITION POWDERS**

keep dogs fit—ALWAYS

SMOKE FOR PLEASURE

—Not for Coupons!

"Gift" Coupons are on their deathbed, so why go on smoking ready-made cigarettes?

Cigarettes made with A.G. Papers retain the full flavour and freshness of your favourite tobacco. From now on, "roll your own" and save more than you ever received from coupons!

Insist on

AG

The paper of 50 years' reputation for quality.

FITS ALL MACHINES AND GIVES THE BEST RESULTS

CATARRH

AMAZING REMEDY

"Nostroline" acts in 30 seconds. Clears head, opens breathing passages. Ends congestion in nose, throat or chest. Get "Nostroline" to-day and banish all terrors of winter. 1/3, at all chemists. Safe for youngest child. *Free Sample from "Nostroline," J. 60, Clifton, Bristol.*

HEAD COLDS
INFLUENZA
HEAD NOISES
DEAFNESS

IT MUST BE 'NOSTROLINE'

Trapping THE Stamp FAKER

"... "An unknown man, apparently a collector, was applying to dealers for a specimen of a certain stamp....."

IN a small room in the heart of London, half-a-dozen men meet two or three times a week in secret conclave. They sit at a table on which stand a number of curious gadgets—X-ray lamps, powerful magnifying apparatus, tweezers. With infinite care and the patience of Job they examine stamps; stamps of all kinds and values, from all over the world; stamps so rare that only very rich men can afford to buy them; stamps worth a halfpenny, or a farthing, or nothing at all.

Fortunes may depend on their decisions, as they examine the tiny coloured squares of precious paper, put them to the X-ray test, or scan them with powerful lens. On their decisions, too, may depend whether a forger goes to prison or stays at liberty.

They are the Secret Six of the stamp world, the Scotland Yard of philately. Their business is to test the genuineness of rare stamps that may be worth a king's ransom—or may be forgeries. And if they prove to be forgeries, their business is also to set machinery in motion to trap the forgers.

ONLY a few days ago a famous expert, Mr. Cyril Harmer, left London for Newfoundland to give evidence in a case of alleged forgery which has led to the arrest of three persons. One of them is accused of attempting to obtain about £6,000 by offering for sale forged overprinted copies of the Italian Air Armada stamps.

More than one man has "done time" as a result of the quiet, methodical activities of the Secret Six. And to-day there are men who in the near or distant future will find themselves in prison when the investigations of these men and their sleuths are complete.

So long as there are stamps and stamp collectors, so long will there be stamp forgers. For there is big money to be made in the faking of rare stamps. By a little skilful faking, by even the clever alteration of a letter or a figure or a marking, stamps normally worth a few shillings can be made to increase their value to hundreds, even thousands of pounds.

There is one stamp, a Guiana specimen, worth £7,000. But nobody so far has attempted to fake this rarity, for it is the only one of its kind in existence; and it is known to be in the possession of a certain wealthy collector.

But with minor varieties the fakers are always busy. There was the case not long ago of the faking of a £1 King George stamp worth £800. The forger was traced, arrested, and sent to prison for two and a half years.

USUALLY these high-priced stamps are too dangerous to play with. Collectors do not pay such big sums unless the stamp first undergoes the most searching tests by experts. Hence the less valuable varieties are safer to forge.

One of the most daring fakes concerns a stamp known as the Negri Sembilan. This stamp, marked eight cents, was officially surcharged—that is, overprinted—by the government concerned, to make it worth twelve cents. This is sometimes done to save reprinting a stamp when a government wishes to alter its value.

Now the Negri Sembilan in its normal state was worth 3s. 6d., but, surcharged, its value has now increased to £45. The secret six discovered that large numbers of these surcharged stamps were being put into circulation, and their investigators got busy. After long and patient search they traced the stamps to a foreigner. Further investigation showed that he had not only faked the surcharge, but had done so with the very die which the government's printers had used for the original surcharge. How he had obtained it was a mystery that could not be solved, for the faker worked from abroad and could not be caught.

Another case of impudent fraud has been perpetrated with a Gibraltar stamp. Through a defect in the original printing, the value figures were omitted from a number of these stamps. The price to collectors thereupon went up to £30.

Now it did not take a certain rogue long to see the possibilities of this stamp. After careful experiments with acids he discovered how to remove the figures from the properly printed stamp, thereby increasing its value, as a collector's item, to £30.

A number of these stamps were soon in circulation; but within a few minutes of one of them being examined by the Secret Six, the fake was discovered. How many the faker got away with at £30 a time is not known, for he was never caught.

One of the most remarkable cases of detection after long and painstaking investigation ended in the arrest of a stamp faker in a seaside town recently. It came to the notice of the official investigators that an unknown man, apparently a collector, was applying to dealers all over the country for specimens of a certain stamp. In itself it was of little value; but with certain defects it was worth a considerable sum of money. It was known that a number of faked stamps were being circulated, but they could not be traced to anybody.

Persistent demand for the stamp without the valuable defect, by the same man, roused suspicions. A trap was set.

It was arranged that, through various channels, he should be supplied with a number of the stamps he wanted. But first they were marked in a certain unmistakable way—marked so cleverly that the trap was undetectable to the naked eye.

THERE the matter rested. Watch was kept for months. It was not until a year later that the first of these marked stamps was brought back to headquarters. It was the same stamp—but it now had the defect that made it valuable to collectors. It had been faked. It was traced back to the man who had been so eager to buy so many of the particular specimen.

An official went to the seaside town where he lived, saw the chief constable, obtained a search warrant—and in the "stamp-collector's" house found all the apparatus with which he had been faking the stamps. A consequent term of imprisonment prevented him from playing tricks with stamps for a considerable time.

The stamp faker is one of the most difficult criminals to trace. Investigations may go on for years before his offence is finally brought home to him. To-day there are fakers busy preparing stamps that in time will find their way into the stamp albums of wealthy collectors who, either through innocence or carelessness, will pay out hundreds of pounds for stamps that under the X-ray lamp prove to be worthless.

Sometimes the fakers, having prepared a number of forged stamps, offer them to various dealers or collectors from an accommodation address and "flit" before the fake is detected. Even when a faked stamp is traced to a suspicious character, it is often impossible to prove that he faked it himself, for not all forgers use marked stamps or keep their apparatus about the house as did the gentleman at the seaside town.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

EDINBURGH EVENING DESPATCH:—"We persuaded him to hang up his stocking on Christmas Eve and FILED it for him."

THE BRIDGNORTH JOURNAL:—"It is a wise procedure to fill new rubber hot water bottles with warm water and leave them for a few YEARS."

PICTORIAL WEEKLY:—"One reason why there are, fortunately, few FATAL circus DEATHS . . ."

THE ORMSKIRK ADVERTISER:—"He became a teamster with four HOUSES under his charge."

WOOLWICH GAZETTE AND PLUMSTEAD NEWS:—". . . who kept a tripe SHIP."

THE RANGOON TIMES:—"Men began rescue work, wearing gas masks and carrying canaries in RAGES to detect gas."

SUNDAY EXPRESS:—"Neither the players nor the BALL could hardly follow the flight of the ball."

SUNDAY TIMES:—"The machine crashed into the wireless mast, and fell to the ground like a MORALLY wounded bird."

THE FISHING NEWS:—"The herring is the finest PRESERVATIVE of rickets."

DUNDEE EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"It was stated that deceased suffered from a nervous breakdown and METAL depression."

THE BUCKS STANDARD:—"The Council decided to withhold consent to include sheep in the Order until they had DULLER information."

It's Coming!

Look out for the big surprise JOHN BULL has in store for every reader. Full details next week.

"My Mummy's good to me—
I'm never chafed and never scurfy!"

CHAFING hurts terribly . . . But baby never need suffer if you take Nurse York's simple precaution: "Smooth a little 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly on parts exposed to chafing every time baby is changed," says Nurse York, of London's leading Lying-in Hospital. One of the purest emollients known, doctors say! A little on baby's scalp *last thing every night*, wiped off in the morning, will keep baby's scalp beautifully clean and free from scurf.

"Remember us too, please, Mummy"

Children's skins are tender too. They need "Vaseline" Jelly just as much as baby. The safest protection known — for *cuts and bruises* — for *sore lips* — for *burns* — for *head colds* — for *dandruff*.

As Nurse York says, "No home should be without *two* jars in constant use." Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Rd., Willesden, N.W.10.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark

Petroleum Jelly

SAFE—PURE—HEALING: **Jars 4½d., 6d. and 9d.** 1577a

PALPITATION & BAD NIGHTS

CAUSED BY INDIGESTION AND WIND

"I suffered terribly for 2 years until I tried your wonderful powder. Since then I have been free from pain and wind. I use it regularly. I could not sleep at night for palpitation and pain. Now I can eat anything, no matter how late, as I take a dose before retiring. Before, I was afraid to eat at night, as I suffered so. I can truthfully say now that Birley's does all that it claims to do, and I have recommended it to many friends."

Mrs. E. F. BUCKLE.
2, Bridge St., Luton, Beds.

BIRLEY'S

ANTACID POWDER

IS THE TRUE RAPID-ACTION REMEDY for

INDIGESTION

ACID STOMACH FLATULENCE HEARTBURN
BILIOUSNESS PALPITATION GASTRITIS

Birley's is so outstandingly efficacious that we offer to GIVE you your first Tin (exact size of illustration). Advanced research work has evolved this new stomach remedy. It is better, surer and quicker in action than anything medical science has ever before been able to offer to sufferers. Birley's is Tasteless and Odourless and is absolutely safe to take at all ages and at all times.
It will only cost you a ½d. stamp to try it.

COUPON

No. 76

To BIRLEY'S ANTACID, LTD.,
16, Northdown Street, London, N.1.

I have not previously tried Birley's Antacid Powder, so send me FREE 9d. Tin, post paid.

Signature .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

.....

Use unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp. Enclose nothing else or postage will be more. *Please write clearly.*

FREE 9D TIN POST PAID!

OF ALL CHEMISTS, including Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White, etc., in 1/3, 3/- and 5/- TINS ONLY.

The 9d. tin is put up for FREE Trial only and is not for sale.

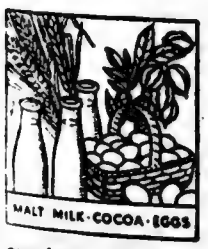
FREE from FRY'S

Hundreds of other fine gifts for coupons from either Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs or Fry's Breakfast Cocoa — coupons are interchangeable. Keep to Fry's and get your gifts in half the time.

FINE ALL-WOOL SOCKS

Made of high-grade genuine Botany yarn, exceptionally long-wearing, in Black or Navy. Sizes: 9½" to 11½". A pair for

ONLY 17 COUPONS



The FOOD-DRINK that nourishes and strengthens you

Four of Nature's most valuable energy foods blended and balanced with scientific accuracy in one perfect drink. It will nourish you and strengthen you, put an edge on your appetite, and give you zest for your work. The finest value Food-drink you can buy—it's as good for the children as it is for you.

FRY'S MALTED MILK

COCOA WITH EGGS PER ¼ LB. net weight

7½D

The COCOA to warm and stimulate you.

This world-famous winter drink should be in every home. Its grateful, warming nourishment gives the whole family a good start and a good finish to the day. 32 cups for 5½d.

5½D PER ¼ LB. NET WEIGHT

FRY'S BREAKFAST COCOA

Write for a Free Gift List, containing a free "start-off" coupon, to Dept. 8b, J. S. FRY & SONS LTD., SOMERDALE, BRISTOL *These prices do not apply in the Irish Free State*

VI/19CS.8134

The clock in the High Street
Has clanged the "OK"
So follow old William—
Get YOUNGER
TO-DAY!

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S
Scotch Ale
BREWED IN EDINBURGH

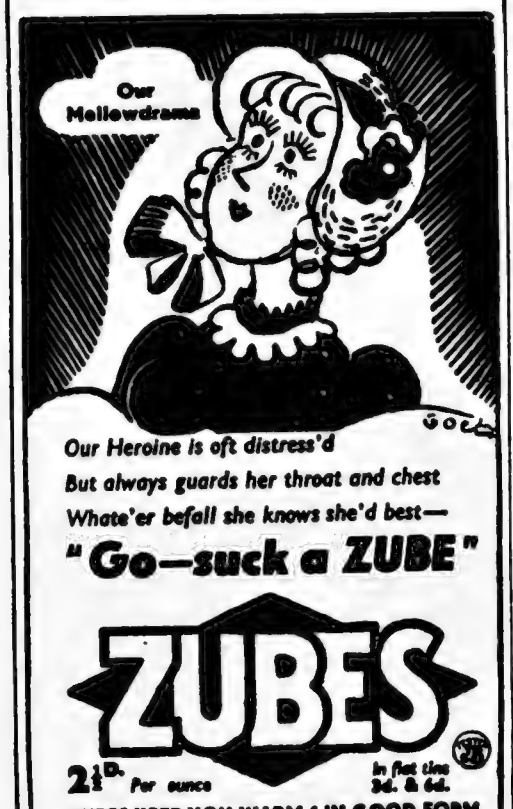
WM. YOUNGER & CO. LTD., EDINBURGH

DON'T DREAD
BRONCHITIS
OR CHEST COMPLAINTS
—use Edgar's Lotion

The finest Remedy for	Keep free of common Winter ailments. Use Edgar's Lotion at the first sign of any chest complaints.
SORE THROAT BRONCHITIS TONSILITIS CROUP	This wonderful soothing balm penetrates instantly to the seat of the trouble and relieves congestion, allays inflammation and alleviates irritation.
WHOOPING COUGH LOSS of VOICE and all INFLAMMATORY	Edgar's Lotion has been a famous household remedy for more than 100 years. Doctors and Nurses still recommend it as unsurpassed for the treatment of respiratory troubles.
affections of the THROAT and CHEST	Keep a bottle of Edgar's Lotion handy in the house for Winter emergencies. Equally good for children or adults. A special specific for the treatment of croup in very young children.

From all Chemists 3/-, or by post 3/6 direct from Sangers, Ltd., Agency Dept., 176, Drummond Street, London, N.W.1.

EDGAR'S LOTION
per 3/- bottle



Our Heroine is oft distress'd
But always guards her throat and chest
Whate'er befall she knows she'd best—
"Go—suck a ZUBE"

ZUBES
2½D. Per ounce
In flat tins 3d. & 6d.
ZUBES KEEP YOU WARM & IN GOOD FORM

To the RESCUE OF THE LONELIEST ISLAND

A Greatest Hour by the Rev. A. G. PARTRIDGE,

missionary on Tristan da Cunha—the Empire's "Loneliest Island," from 1929-32, and again in 1932-33

Landing stores on the loneliest island—a rare event which naturally occasions a great stir among the islanders

IS it possible for you to imagine what it feels like to be exiled for three long years on an island in the middle of the South Atlantic, nearly 2,000 miles from South Africa in the west and South America in the east?

On an island at which no ship ever calls except when the British Government sends one specially once a year.

Where there is absolutely no communication with the outside world, not even by wireless?

Where one's only companions are 160 simple, kind, good-hearted but entirely uneducated people, and where one's roamings are confined by the plateau five miles long and one and a half miles wide, upon which the little community lives?

There are no shops, because nobody has anything to buy or sell. No money, because none is needed. No kinema to while away tedious hours. And quite often enough, too little food.

I am speaking of Tristan da Cunha, the little British possession in the Atlantic which lies forty miles south of any trade route. For three years I had been missionary on the island and I knew all its drawbacks.

And yet my "greatest hour" was the first hour out from Southampton, on my way back again to the little settlement on "The Isle of Loneliness" after only a few weeks in England.

WHY was that hour the greatest? Because now, I thought, at last something was going to be done for the islanders. I looked upon myself as the carrier of good news—the harbinger of a more hopeful future.

The Government of Brazil had asked permission to send a scientific expedition to make meteorological observations on Tristan. The British Government had given its permission. I was asked if I would go back again—armed this time with official power as commissioner and magistrate to govern the island.

It was proposed to arrange for four ships a year to call, to bring provisions and mails, as long as the expedition remained.

So, as I leaned on the rail of the *Alcantara* as we steamed down the Solent, my heart was overjoyed at the thought of returning to those poor people with the news that at last civilisation—that mysterious outside world of which they have no knowledge, and of which in their ignorance they are terribly afraid—was at last going to take some notice of them.

I could see again in memory the forbidding peak of Tristan rising sheer out of the sea to a height of 8,000 ft., with just one little habitable "shelf," 100 ft. above the water. Below it rages the stormy Atlantic, and behind it rises the relentless mountain.

Dotted over this little plateau, the only cultivable land on the island, are thirty-five houses, a church, a schoolroom, and the Government House or parsonage.

I remembered with what toil the people wrest a living from Nature—the wood gathered from the mountain side at great danger, the fish caught from the sea at almost equal danger, the scanty crops of potatoes that are grown with much difficulty because the soil is poor and shallow.

Potatoes are, in fact, the staple article of diet. And yet Tristan is so much the sport of all the winds of Heaven, that often a wind will, in one night, cut down the whole of the potato crop. Think what that means to people cut off from every possible means of succour.

ONE grim August stood out in my memory, when every single person on the island was without food of any kind for three whole days. There were other times, many of them, when the rations were scanty, without giving out altogether. Hunger is a common experience.

Such things as flour, tea, sugar, jam, are luxuries, and only enjoyed when sent out from England by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

As I watched the shores of England grow dim I thought again of the occasion when I ran out of tea one September and got no more until a boat called the following February. Five months without a cup of tea!

I recalled vividly, too, the long winter evenings when I had been forced to go to bed at dusk, because there was no blubber oil, which is used for the lamps, to be had anywhere on the island. After some time, a sea elephant, which supplies this oil, came up on the shore, and I was lucky enough to shoot him. I remembered only too well the loneliness of the evenings without any educated person with whom to exchange ideas.

And on the other hand, I remembered the kindness and generosity of the people How at Christmas time they would send a few spoonfuls of precious jam as a present, or a little sugar. How they were always willing to share the spoils of Nature. How they looked up to the missionary as to a father from whom they sought guidance in difficult times. And I remembered as a thing of beauty their faith in God.

I WAS going back, as I thought then, to a somewhat changed order. I would have the companionship of these scientific men. Boats would be calling every three months. This would mean that the danger from hunger would to some extent be expelled.

The work of the scientists would bring a new zest into the life of the island. Wireless would be installed. And that reminds me. It is frequently said that there is wireless on the island. It is true that there are some sets, but none of them has ever worked. The truth is that it would cost £1,000 to instal a transmitter which would reach the nearest wireless station. And nobody has a thousand pounds to spend on such an undertaking.

So I was buoyed up with hope that no longer would the Tristanites be entirely cut off from the rest of the world—left to their fate. Alas! I was not to know then that these were but visions, never to be fulfilled.

I had returned to England only a short time before, very sad at heart about the future of Tristan. As I saw it then, and for the matter of that as I still see it, the population of Tristan da Cunha must be wiped out by starvation in another ten years if something is not done to save them.

And they deserve a better fate. They have some faults and many virtues, but cut off as they have been from every civilising influence, I realise the difficulty of getting them even to consider leaving the island.

But as I leaned on the rail of the ship that day I did not see the disappointments ahead of me. I saw only at last a chance to help these people that in three years had come to be my friends. And the joy, the thrill of that hour, is the greatest I have ever known.

Race with "Silver Ring"

IRELAND for JUMPERS

THERE are hundreds of well-bred mares in Ireland whose owners' chief aim is to breed a class jumper, and the services of good stallions can be obtained at ten guineas and under. The progeny of these matings are not mollycoddled like the aspirants to classic honours on the Flat.

Up to three years of age they are reared naturally on the limestone pastures of the small farmers. Then they are put to stone walls, drains and ditches until jumping becomes a habit.

Following this they go out with the hounds and at four or five years of age, if they show signs of the necessary speed and stamina, they are introduced to 'chasing at Punchestown and Fairyhouse.

Kilcash Hill, my selection for the coming contest, was brought up on these lines. He had his first race as a four-year-old.

Royal Ransom is my nap for the week-end racing at Newbury. Note also Drintyre and Le Fortium.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

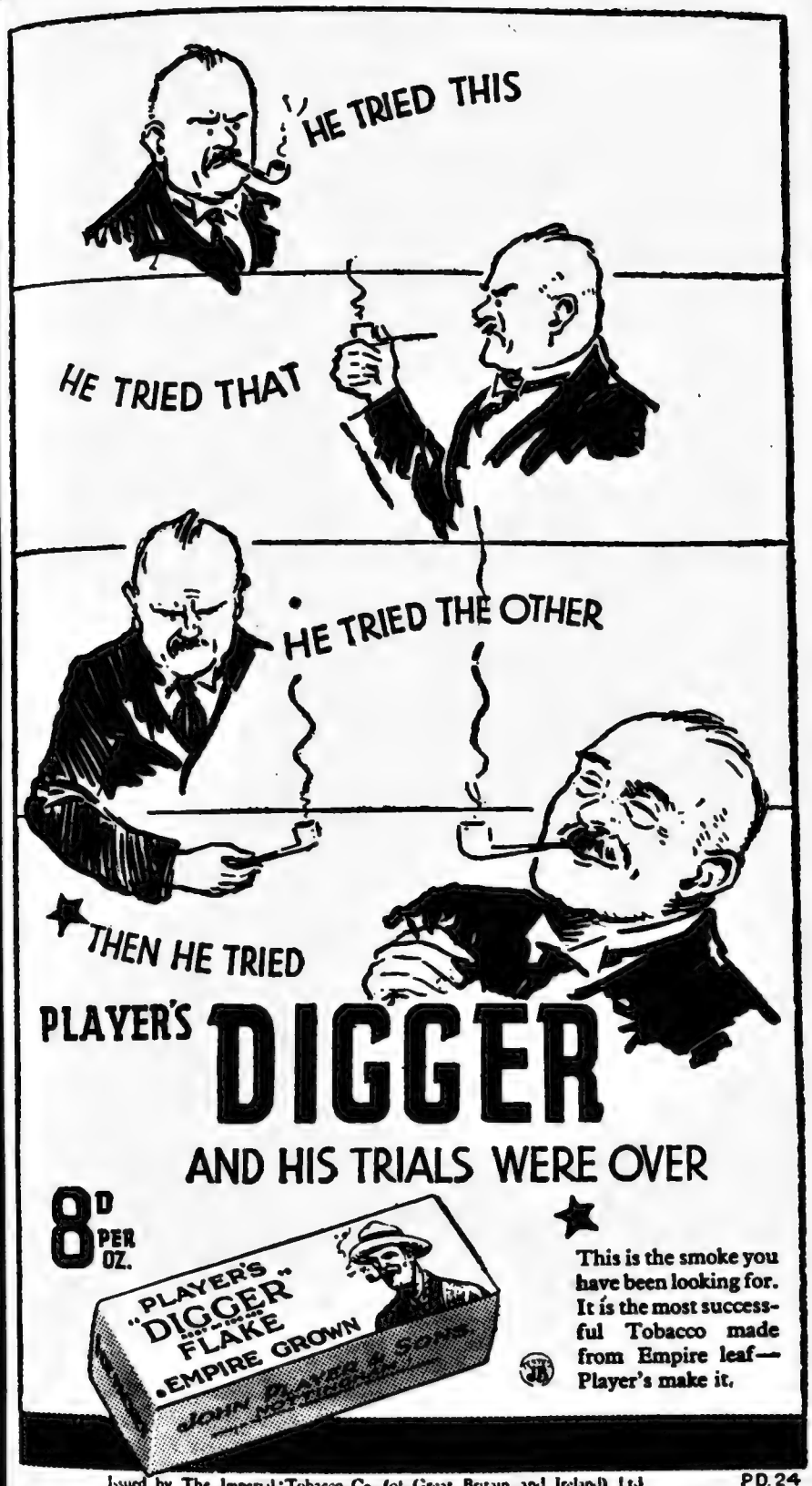
The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 18, to Wednesday, January 24.

A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F O
K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

GSW95WK would read FORBRA.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z29398F96S98 would read WELLINGTON.



PLAYER'S **DIGGER**

AND HIS TRIALS WERE OVER

8D PER OZ.

★ This is the smoke you have been looking for. It is the most successful Tobacco made from Empire leaf—Player's make it.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd PD.24

"ARRIVED HOME FEELING 'ALL IN'"

NEURALGIA PAINS BANISHED

AFTER THREE DOSES OF PHOSFERINE

Mrs. M. L. Brooker writes:

"My husband **arrived home from the office 'all-in'** with an acute attack of **neuralgia.** He walked to and fro the house in great pain for nearly four hours, without a break. Suddenly I thought of Phosferine, and quickly purchased a small bottle. After three doses my husband went to bed feeling fagged out, and to our great surprise he slept quietly the night through, thanks to Phosferine. Since that time whenever he feels the slightest twinge of neuralgia he takes Phosferine with the same happy results. We have tried many so-called cures in the past, but none have given him relief, and as I have previously stated **after two or three doses of Phosferine there was a distinct improvement and the pains have completely vanished.** I, too, am very thankful to Phosferine. It is a splendid tonic for anyone suffering with **neuralgia and sleeplessness, and I recommend it to all sufferers.**"

327, Canterbury Street, Gillingham, Kent.

FOR NEURALGIA AND SLEEPLESSNESS—USE

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS JB

Influenza	Gastric Pains	Sleeplessness	Rheumatism	Neuralgia
Lassitude	Debility	Exhaustion	Headache	Maternity Weakness
Brain Fag	Indigestion	Nerve Shock	Sciatica	Anæmia

From Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

The 3/- is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

WARNING: The Public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations

FREE FURNISHING CATALOGUE

Solve your Furnishing problem by turning to Page 23. Free Catalogue and full particulars of this offer can be obtained by filling in the coupon appearing in this announcement.

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed. The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 10.

"NO ONE CAN THINK I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE LAVATORY NOW"

"ONCE I DID THIS—till at last I realized that the old-fashioned brush couldn't even reach the bend in the pipe as Harpic does, so it couldn't possibly be cleaning the lavatory-pan properly, however much I scrubbed.

"NOW JUST THIS REGULAR SPRINKLE of Harpic cleans and disinfects the lavatory-pan thoroughly for me in a single, easy operation, and completely *removes the cause* of odours. Harpic safeguards health.

"HARPIC KILLS GERMS by its strong, safe disinfectant action and leaves the lavatory-pan clean, white and sanitary without dangerous acids—and without any of the old unpleasant and unhealthy scrubbing."

HARPIC—CLEANS and DISINFECTS LAVATORY-PANS 6d. 1/- & 1/9 HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD. HULL AND LONDON — **HARPIC**

CHEST COLDS

"He slept without coughing until morning."—Mrs. L. FAZAKERLEY, Liverpool.

Are you one of the unfortunate people who know that soon their winter cough will start? The strain of coughing distends and irritates the blood vessels in your chest and bronchial tubes. Slight congestion sets in, and though your blood is trying to get to the troublesome parts and heal them, it is baulked again and again. But you can relieve that congestion and tightness. You can set the healing blood flowing freely once again through all the myriad tiny passages. And you can do it in Nature's own way. A sheet of 'Thermogene' on chest and back gently wakes up the skin, the nerves and the blood vessels. The pleasant feeling of warmth, continuing day and night, is the result of fresh blood penetrating to your lungs and muscles, relieving little by little the congestion. And as the congestion subsides the irritation gets less, and your cough disappears! Isn't it worth while getting this blessed relief? Wouldn't it be grand to get through this winter without those racking mornings, those disturbed nights? 'Thermogene' brand of Medicated Wadding will help you—and quickly. Get a packet at any chemists to-day, 1/3, or triple quantity 3/- (in Great Britain and Northern Ireland)

PILES

CAN BE ENDED!

Proof, positive and convincing, comes in the few extracts from letters, given here, telling you that you can end the maddening pain, irritation and torture caused by pile trouble. Read these letters.

Mr. F. C., of Rotherhithe, S.E.16, writes:—"I suffered from bleeding piles for 12 months, and tried a number of remedies. The piles became so bad that an operation was considered necessary. I read of Man Zan, and decided to test it. At the end of one week the necessity for an operation was gone. Man Zan had cured me in that time."

Mrs. M. L. H., of Birkenhead, writes:—"For five or six years I suffered agony from piles, and tried all kinds of remedies. I used Man Zan for a fortnight, and was greatly benefited. I have had no return of my trouble."

Man Zan is sold in special, easy-to-use tubes, price 3/-, obtainable from chemists everywhere. This healing balm stops bleeding, allays inflammation and ends chronic irritation at once. Persevere and Man Zan will free you for good.

For free supply (sent in plain wrapper) send name and address to E. C. De Witt and Co. Ltd. (Dept. R. 33) Croydon.

MANZAN

BRAND PILE REMEDY

STOMACH SUFFERER FOR 20 YEARS

If you are a victim of stomach trouble; if you know the agony of indigestion, wind and sickness in the stomach, read what Mr. Joseph Kelly of Granville Square, London, writes:—

"I have been a sufferer from stomach troubles for over 20 years—during the war and since. Some time ago I had an operation for the stomach trouble—Ulcerated Stomach—but the old trouble came on. I have tried all sorts of remedies—Bismuth Tablets, Magnesia and different kinds of so-called Maclean Powder, but since I obtained a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I shall use no other. For the last nine weeks I have had no indigestion or sickness in the stomach and I can throughly recommend it to anybody suffering from any kind of stomach trouble."

Follow Mr. Kelly's example, but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

IF THE LADY WHO GOT OUT OF TRAIN AT PICCADILLY CIRCUS

last Monday will call at any Chemist he will give her just the thing to soothe those terribly chapped hands—**GLYMIEL JELLY.**

"I have been a great sufferer with terrible hands for over three years and I have tried everything possible for them, and have had no results whatever. Then, after two or three rubs of **GLYMIEL JELLY**, my hands were perfectly restored. Every thanks to **GLYMIEL JELLY.**" E. M. P.——, Leeds.

You'll say the same when you try

GLYMIEL JELLY

Tubes 3d., 6d. and 1/-.

KIDNAPPED!

—the Terror that Stalks a Continent

WHEN a rich man has to be as furtive as a criminal, and as well guarded as a gangster chieftain, it makes one wonder whether it is worth having all that money.

But it is true that the resort to kidnapping, by American gangsters who fear the repeal of Prohibition will deprive them of their "booze racket," has caused widespread nervousness among the wealthy and famous, or the merely wealthy, in the United States.

Last July, the United States Government estimated that, in the preceding twelve months, 4,000 abductions had been carried out by kidnappers, and that £500,000 had been paid in ransom. So it would seem there is substantial basis for the scare.

So that when Miss Doris Duke—who has just come into more than £2,000,000, the first instalment of her inheritance of seven millions—left her New York residence recently to celebrate her twenty-first birthday, she wore huge smoked spectacles, the high collar of her fur mantle was turned up, and she held her hat-brim down. All this for the brief minute it took to descend the steps of her home and cross the pavement to enter her car.

Enter the gunmen

Why this disguise? She was afraid of kidnappers, and did not wish to be recognised.

Children are a favourite prey of the kidnappers. We can all remember the infamous and tragic case of the Lindbergh baby, which stirred the world to indignation.

When Captain Woolf Barnato, the famous British racing motorist, returned from holiday by steamer to San Francisco recently, with his beautiful young Californian wife and their baby, they were met at the dock by relatives, friends and guards, and escorted to a "pent-house" apartment—a sort of cottage built on a flat roof—on the top of a skyscraper hotel. There is only one door giving access to this roof, and the Barnatos kept the key! Threats had been made to kidnap their child, and they made sure that the only way kidnappers could get at him would be by aeroplane!

It became known that many of Chicago's notorious gunmen had repaired to Hollywood, and film notabilities have been on their guard as a result. Their children are never allowed out alone.

Mary Pickford's little niece has a regular police escort, to and from school, at Beverley Hills, following on kidnappers' threats. Marjorie and Mildred Lloyd, the daughters of the millionaire comedian, are virtually prisoners on his estate. Two men stand guard day and night at the gates, armed with rifles and pistols, and the grounds are patrolled. Even in the house, the children are under constant surveillance by the governess, maids, and even an "inside detective."

After the Lindbergh tragedy, in the homes of thousands of rich American people, nurseries were equipped with elaborate burglar alarms and their windows were barred. Even perambulators had locked steel bars to foil baby-snatchers!

It was not only the children of film stars, however, who were threatened. After the kidnapping attempt against Mrs. Lita Gray Chaplin and Georges Carpentier in New York, the danger became very apparent to the personalities of Hollywood.

Last November, the Los Angeles Press reported that Charlie Chaplin himself had been kidnapped one evening, when escorting Miss Paulette Goddard—the star in his new film—to her Beverley Hills home, and that he had been held twelve hours and had paid £4,000 ransom.

Then Miss Mary McElroy, daughter of the City Manager (equivalent to Mayor) of Kansas City, was kidnapped while taking a bath in her home.

This case hastened the United States Government in its decision to deal firmly with the kidnapping menace. New stringent laws were enacted by the Federal Government, and the States followed suit. Several States passed laws providing the death penalty for kidnappers.

Miss McElroy returned home—released by her captors, and bearing a bouquet of flowers they had presented to her! But their gallantry availed them little. They were arrested eventually and sentenced—one to death, and others to long prison sentences.

Nurseries, bathrooms—and then even burial vaults! Nothing is sacred to the kidnapper. Over a year ago, guards were placed about the family vault of the wealthy Vanderbilt family, in Newdrop, Staten Island. There had been an attempt to break into the mausoleum, and the police agreed that the object was to steal the coffin of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt for purposes of extorting ransom. After this attempt, the vault was well guarded and the ghouls were foiled.

The Secret Six

Many people have expressed surprise that the toll of kidnappings in Chicago—home of gangsterism—has been comparatively small. One of the reasons for this is the Secret Six. Not long ago this organisation thwarted a plot to kidnap General Charles Gates Dawes, former United States Ambassador to Britain, and a Chicagoan. The Secret Six got busy. Armed members guarded General Dawes day and night—although the General professed ignorance of the fact!—and the plot was frustrated.

The Secret Six is an organisation formed to fight the gangsters with their own weapons. It is headed by six Chicago millionaires, only one of whom is known by name, Colonel Robert Isham Randolph. Thousands of volunteer vigilantes stand at the disposal of the Secret Six, in order to put up a real resistance to kidnappers and other gangsters.

Many are the schemes which have been devised to outwit the kidnapper. One of the strangest, perhaps, is that of using the aeroplane. A young man named Cushing disappeared in New York. Ten days later his parents received a parcel consisting of two pigeons in a cardboard box. An accompanying letter instructed them to attach a $500 note to the foot of each pigeon and to release them. It was understood that the "homers" would carry the money back to the kidnappers.

New York's police aviation department was called in. The two pigeons were freed, and four 'planes, manned by police officers, endeavoured to follow their flight. One bird escaped them entirely. Another was seen to descend near a cemetery, whereby stood a waiting motor-car with several men. The 'planes, however, could not immediately find a landing-place, and, by the time the officers reached the spot, the car had disappeared. Cushing's body was found in the East River, New York, some weeks later.

Miss Doris Duke—"who has just come into more than £2,000,000"

"Kidnapping policies"

In order to outwit the kidnappers prominent people insure themselves abroad against loss or injury suffered through abduction. For the kidnappers are reputed to have their spies in all the American insurance offices, and those who insure themselves are reckoned easy game.

Many film stars are said to have taken out "kidnapping policies" in London with British companies under conditions of the strictest secrecy.

Drastic legislation, fearless action of the Courts, and the determined imposition of heavy sentences once they have been passed—therein lies the sole cure for this social disease.

And the recent convictions of kidnappers perhaps lead one to hope that in the near future, men and women in America need not go in constant terror of bodily and mental anguish, wreaked upon their loved ones or themselves.

INCOME-TAX HELP

We would like to remind our readers that a JOHN BULL Income-Tax Enquiry Bureau exists to give advice upon their income-tax problems.

Address your query to :—

Income-Tax Enquiry Bureau,
"John Bull" Office,
93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Please include a stamped, addressed envelope for a personal reply.

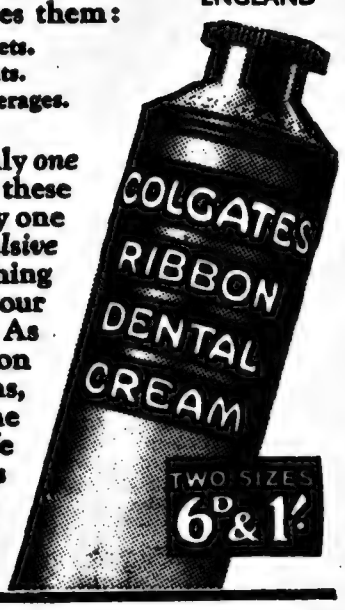
7 kinds of stains discolour teeth

COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

Everything you eat and drink, from soup to coffee, leaves stains on your teeth—seven different kinds of stains, all told. Here's what causes them:

1. Meats and other proteins.
2. Cereals and other starchy foods.
3. Vegetables.
4. Sweets.
5. Fruits.
6. Beverages.
7. Tobacco smoke.

MADE IN ENGLAND



Most toothpastes—because they have only *one* cleansing action—fail to remove all these stains. For all stains will not yield to any one action. Some can be removed by an *emulsive* action. Others respond only to polishing action. Colgate's gets all the stains off your teeth because it gives you both actions. As you brush it, it foams. The *emulsive* action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away. The *polishing* ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists use—gently rubs away the stains that are left. The result—teeth far lovelier than you ever thought they could be.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

WITHOUT PURGATIVES OR CALOMEL

and you'll jump out of bed feeling you could push a bus over

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, fizzy drinks, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives, and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels, and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason why you feel rotten is your liver. It should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those famous, sure-acting CARTERS BRAND LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get those two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely. But don't let them give you just any liver pills. Stand out for Carters Pills, the famous sure-health kind. Look for the name Carters on the package. At all Chemists 1/3 and 3/-.

VAPEX
INHALANT
For relief from COLDS and CATARRH breathe the germicidal vapour frequently. A drop on the handkerchief by day and on the pillow at night gives comfort and protection
2/-
At Chemists
per bottle

Read this miracle-delivery from NERVES & NEURITIS

July 26th, 1933.

Dear Sirs,

I had given up hopes of ever being well again. When I awoke each morning I knew what was in store for me, dull throbbing headaches, a feeling of utter weariness, deadly neuritis pains, before half the morning was over. I had to drag myself home in the evening with my nerves torn to pieces.

But worst of all was lying awake at night into the morning. I was resigned to a life of suffering. A friend told me to take Dr. Cassells Tablets, and I did as a last hope. The effect was incredible, in ten days I felt ten years younger.

I want the whole country to know what Dr. Cassells Tablets did for me.

Yours gratefully,
(Signed) T. L. MOORE.

Mr. MOORE who owes his Health & Happiness to

Dr. Cassells Tablets

Brand

Take Dr. Cassells Tablets to-day, for wonderful RELIEF from

INSOMNIA
NERVES
HEADACHES
INDIGESTION
WEAKNESS
DEBILITY
ANÆMIA

1/3 & 3/-

This man wrote us because he wants you—YOU!—and every other NERVE VICTIM in the land to know how splendidly Dr. Cassells Tablets came to his aid, when his health and his fine physique were on the edge of BREAK-DOWN!

IF YOUR Nerves, Blood, Digestion, Strength are not all they should be, *there's not a shadow of doubt* that Dr. Cassells Tablets *can* and *will* nourish them (and you) back to Health and Strength in a very short time. Take some of these miracle-tablets TO-DAY.

Secure from your Chemist a 1/3 bottle at once. If you are not entirely satisfied with your improved health this amount will be instantly refunded by the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, on receipt of empty carton.

Wonderful HERBAL Ointment

That Soothes & Heals The Skin

IMMEDIATELY your skin feels rough, sore, or chapped, or you have chilblains or cold-sores, apply Zam-Buk. This refined herbal ointment supplies the skin's shortage of natural oils—it soothes smarting, stinging pain, allays inflammation and irritation, reduces swelling, and grows new, healthy skin.

Mr. R. Doe, of Bridge Road, Gissing, Norfolk, says :—"During the Winter months my wife and I suffered with dreadful chilblains and cold-sores. The places were very painful and swollen. They often discharged, too. We found Zam-Buk a splendid remedy. This ointment gave us quick relief from the smarting pain and protected us against the dangers of raw weather."

ZAM-BUK OINTMENT

Of all Chemists and Stores 1/3 or 3/- box.

for HOARSENESS

Ingredients of Vick brand Vapour-Rub in the form of a sweet.

6d **VICK LOZENGES**

WRITE DIRECT THE BIG TWO NO AGENTS

LINCOLN AND NATIONAL

SEND FOR

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Long odds quoted for every horse.

LETTER COMMISSIONS FROM 1/-

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In accordance with rules.

Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

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"CHALLENGER" FIXED PRICE FOOTBALL LISTS

6-LEAGUE 5-LEAGUE 4-LEAGUE

NOTHING BARRED
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Send for particulars of the "Big Two"

FREE WRITING SET

FOUNTAIN PEN and PENCIL

to match in presentation case.

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE, LTD.,
227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

I WAS mate on a coasting tramp; my pal of many years was second, and I was on "top line" for the skipper's job on a new boat, being built.

Coming from Rotterdam one Christmas I brought aboard a small quantity of cigars that I secreted in my cabin in the presence of my pal.

Arriving home the Customs came aboard, and while I was attending to the moorings they discovered the cigars. I was prosecuted for smuggling and dismissed from the company. My pal, who had betrayed me to the Customs, got the skipper's job on the new boat.—*R. W., Bristol.*

Silent . . .

A wire had arrived at the office from London. The City agent had died and someone had to go at once to carry on.

The chief wanted me quickly, but I had gone out to pay two business calls half an hour earlier. Nobody could or would tell him where I was, for the London job was the "plum" of the business and everybody wanted it. My chum who worked next to me could have told him, but remained silent.

Before I could get back to the office again another man had been sent to London, and as he carried out the particular business successfully he retained the job.—*G. J. A., Worcester.*

Not Cleared

We'd been close friends from boyhood, and I thought him splendid. Then unemployment came, making his life very bare.

One evening, in a crowd, I missed him, but he shortl returned. Seeing a policeman, he again disappeared. I was arrested on suspicion of theft, and a stolen purse, containing money, was actually found in my pocket.

Unknown to me, my "best friend" had put it there. I felt sure that he would clear me, but no! I became a jailbird. Ten years have passed, and my honour still remains tarnished.—*W. H. W., Ealing.*

Promise Broken

Penniless at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, my pal and I decided to make for the coast, and try and work our passage home aboard a ship.

After numerous adventures we arrived in Vancouver, and both made a promise that should one obtain work he would help the other until he also found employment.

On the third day my friend got work, and although I trailed the streets waiting for him in bitterly cold weather, I never saw him again.—*S. P., Barnard Castle.*

Sacked . . .

We were walking to the coal-mine, when Jim, my pal, pulled out his handkerchief, and dropped a match. He picked it up and hid it in his torn coat lining.

I remonstrated with him, reminding him that gas was over 4 per cent. in his working, and that there were 1,200 men employed in the colliery.

But he refused. Words led to a fight, and we were reported for "misbehaviour on the premises."

My pal said I attacked him, but I did not explain why. Anyhow, I got the sack.—*G. J., South Wales.*

My BEST FRIEND LET ME DOWN

Worthless Shares

My bosom friend was a director in a large cotton mill, and when he told me in strictest confidence that prospects for the future of his company were rosy, I bought several hundred shares.

When the annual balance-sheet was published, however, there was no dividend whatever, the profits of the firm had dwindled to nothing, and the shares slumped to a few coppers.

I lost hundreds of pounds, and incidentally the closest friendship which had existed for twenty years was severed for ever.—*Miss M. D., Cheshire.*

Down the Well!

I was playing with schoolboy friends around a disused well, and we were taking turns at being lowered into it. When at length I stepped into the "bucket," everything went well until half-way down; then somebody released the controls, and I hurtled to the bottom.

Luckily the bottom was moss-covered and I was unhurt, and when policemen rescued me I enquired who had been responsible.

It was my best friend. He had let me down badly—in more senses than one!—*F. L., Bradford.*

Business Stolen

In 1914 I was a County Court bailiff with a splendid connection.

My best friend, who was my assistant, promised to look after things at home when I joined up, and especially to see to the annual renewal of my licence.

On demobilisation in 1919, however, I discovered that my "friend" had started business on his own, stolen my connection, and allowed my licence to lapse.—*H. L. P., Dungeness.*

He Slept!

Burglars broke into my house and took everything they could find of value. I am a bachelor, living alone, and slept soundly throughout their nocturnal visit.

When I awoke in the morning to discover my loss, realisation came that I was not insured against burglary and that in one night I had lost almost everything for which I had worked a lifetime.

In my easy chair lay my best friend—my dog—who had neglected his trust and slept peacefully on whilst I suffered misfortune.—*J. T., Birmingham.*

Dropped Dead

For fourteen years he was my closest friend. To me he meant board, lodging and independence. In the daily round he was my constant companion, and I never remember being unkind towards him or ever saying an angry word to him.

I saw him every day of the fourteen years I knew him; and I have every reason to believe that I was the best friend he ever had.

Yet he let me down badly one day when he fell dead in the road, between the shafts of my old greengrocery cart. He was my old horse.—*"Old Hawker," Plumstead.*

No Wedding

Years ago, I was employed on the South African Railways. The pay, then, was high and the opportunities for spending few.

Every month I posted the greater part of my wages to my life-long friend in England, to bank safely for me.

At length I sailed for England, full of eager anticipations, for the sweetest girl in the world was waiting for me. I hurried home, only to find that my friend had fled with all my savings, my sweetheart, her mind poisoned by his lies, going with him.—*H. W., Bath.*

He Lied

During the war, my pal, a despatch rider, had to take letters during the night from the R.F.C. Squadron Aerodrome to Wing Headquarters, ten miles away.

One bitterly cold night he asked me to go, as he had a chill, and as I was off duty I took the letters and got back safely.

When I returned I found he had reported me to the Orderly Officer for "joy-riding" on his machine when I was off duty!

I was severely reprimanded for my trouble.—*"Avro," Mansfield.*

* * *

My chum let me down by winning the race, the man I'd backed being just behind. It was a mild "Well done" I spoke for a £1 note, once mine, was in the bookie's satchel.—*T. O. M., Sunderland*

He felled me to the ground. Regaining my feet, he repeated the occurrence frequently, for neither of us had donned ice skates in our lives before.—*H. B., Manchester.*

My best friend let me down when he neglected his garage business. I was called upon to meet my guarantee of £200.—*T. L., Surrey.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on January 20

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Liverpool v. Aston Villa.
•(2) WEDNESDAY v. Everton.
(3) HOTSPUR v. Leicester.
•(4) W.B. ALBION v. Blackburn.
(5) Birmingham v. Middlesbrough.
(6) CHELSEA v. Sheffield U.
•(7) DERBY v. Newcastle.
(8) Leeds v. HUDDERSFIELD.
(9) Manchester C. v. Arsenal.
••(10) PORTSMOUTH v. Stoke.
(11) SUNDERLAND v. Wolverhampton.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) Millwall v. Hull City.
(2) PORT VALE v. Blackpool.
(3) SWANSEA v. Fulham.
••(4) BOLTON v. Manchester U.
(5) BRADFORD C. v. Bradford.
(6) BRENTFORD v. Plymouth.
(7) BURNLEY v. West Ham.
(8) LINCOLN v. Bury.
•(9) NOTTS v. Southampton.
(10) OLDHAM v. Forest.
(11) Preston v. ORIMSBY.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) C. PALACE v. Reading.
(2) LUTON v. Q.P. Rangers.
•(3) SWINDON v. Bristol City.
(4) ALDERSHOT v. Newport.
(5) Brighton v. NORWICH.
(6) BRISTOL R. v. Coventry.
(7) Cardiff v. Boscombe.
••(8) ORIENT v. Southend.
(9) Exeter v. CHARLTON.
•(10) GILLINGHAM v. Watford.
(11) NORTHAMPTON v. Torquay.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) YORK CITY v. Chester.
(2) Rotherham v. BARROW.
(3) GATESHEAD v. Tranmere.
••(4) ACCRINGTON v. Rochdale.
(5) Crewe v. Stockport.
(6) Darlington v. BARNSLEY.
(7) Halifax v. CHESTERFIELD.
(8) N. BRIGHTON v. Carlisle.
(9) SOUTHPORT v. Mansfield.
•(10) WALSALL v. Doncaster.
(11) Wrexham v. Hartlepools.

SCOTTISH CUP—ROUND 1.

••(1) ABERDEEN v Raith Rovers.
(2) QUEEN OF SOUTH v. Edinburgh.
•(3) ST. JOHNSTONE v. E. Fife.
(4) Penicuik v. ST. MIRREN.
(5) MOTHERWELL v. Gala Fairydean.
(6) King's Park v. DUNDEE.
(7) Montrose v. HEARTS.
••(8) QUEEN'S PARK v. Forfar.
(9) Leith v. COWDENBEATH.
(10) Dalbeattie Star v. CELTIC.
(11) PARTICK v. Morton.
(12) RANGERS v. Blairgowrie.
(13) Hiberian v. Clyde.
(14) AYR v. Dunfermline.
(15) Stenhousemuir v. THIRD LANARK.
(16) Airdrie v. KILMARNOCK.
(17) Peterhead v. HAMILTON.
•(18) ALLOA v. Dundee United.
(19) Nithsdale v. E. STIRLING.
(20) ROSS COUNTY v. Burntisland.
(21) VALE OF LEVEN v. Rosyth Docks.
(22) ARBROATH v. Dumbarton.
(23) Beith v. BRECHIN.
(24) ALBION ROVERS v. Vale Ocoba.
(25) GALSTON v. Keith.
(26) ST. BERNARDS v. Wick Academy.
(27) Leith Amateurs v. FALKIRK.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I. 8 (*A*); Div. II. 4 (*H*); Southern Section 8 (*H*); Northern Section 4 (*H*); Scottish Cup 8 (*H*) would indicate Huddersfield, Bolton, Orient, Accrington and Queen's Park.

The ambitious Football Pool punter should consult the unique how-to-win Pool Chart presented free with the *Sporting Life* every Thursday.

It gives at a glance all you need to know about matches played, results, points, form and forecasts. Another *Life* service is the publication every Monday of an authentic list of the dividends declared by the leading Pool firms.

A specimen copy of the *Sporting Life's* chart will be sent you, free, if you write to:—*Sporting Life* (Dept. "J.B."), 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, January 23.

The Warning I Wish I'd Heeded.

Mystery FIRE

"John Bull" to the Rescue!

MRS. PETERS, of 35, Mersey View, Waterloo, Liverpool, was in the scullery giving a last rub to some pots and pans. Pausing for a moment in her work, she fancied she smelled smoke. Becoming alarmed, she rushed into the sitting-room. The settee, containing clothing on which she had been working, was a mass of flames! Quickly the flames spread, and by the time the fire engines arrived the room was a fiery furnace.

The origin of this fire, as is so often the case, is wrapped in mystery.

Perhaps an electric wire fused—perhaps the floor joists in front of the fireplace became overheated. Perhaps a spark shot out from the grate and alighted on the clothing on the settee. Whatever the cause, the carpets, furniture and other precious possessions in that sitting-room were damaged beyond redemption, and the contents of the entire home placed in jeopardy.

To the husband, who is a registered reader, JOHN BULL, under its Great Free Family Insurance Gift, has sent a substantial cheque to reinstate the damage, and because he is a "Plus" reader, that is to say, has been registered for more than three months, he received, in addition, a "Plus" reader's 10 per cent. Bonus

Concerning the part JOHN BULL played in this near tragedy, our reader writes:

"I acknowledge your cheque in regard to my fire claim. There have been a number of 'doubting Thomases' in this district, but I took no notice, and now I can show them that JOHN BULL always pays a valid claim as well as that little bit extra—the 10 per cent. Bonus—which comes as such a help."

"Origin of the fire unknown!". That might even be said of YOUR home some day, should a disastrous fire reduce it to ashes. You will feel safer after signing the forms below. Do it now.

"John Bull"—the only paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefit.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 20/1/34

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address..... of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 20/1/34

If it's

LEG TROUBLE

You Must Have

"ELASTO"

✳ Turn to the Back Cover and fill in the Coupon for a generous Free Sample.

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the Shadforth "Bladder Comforter." Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief. Get it Now!

Shadforth Prescription No. 285.

Price: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Limited,

(Dept. J.B. 182) 48, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4

Yet She Had a Shiny Nose!

A little perspiration from dancing and she found her complexion ruined. Her powder would not stay on. Her nose shone and her skin looked greasy. Frequent use of the puff seemed of no avail. She did not know that just a little Mousse of Cream in her powder would have made a world of difference. Mousse of Cream is an exclusive Tokalon patent process. It makes the powder stay on in spite of wind, rain, or perspiration from dancing in over-heated rooms, or playing tennis. It prevents your nose from getting shiny and makes your skin as smooth as satin. Mousse of Cream is the reason Poudre Tokalon is the most popular and idely used face powder. Try it to-day and see how different it is from ordinary powders. 6d. and 1/- a box.

Poudre Tokalon

Mousse of Cream Face Powder.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Make sure of having the best by installing GRAVES-NATIONAL 3 Valve Battery-driven self-contained Set. It is a triumph of Radio skill and enterprise, and gives you countless hours of pleasurable entertainment.

Every component the best of its class. Steel Chassis, British Valves, Illuminated Tuning Dial. Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9in. **IT HAS A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN.** H.T. Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid £8.16.0 or 8/- monthly. Fullest Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

8/- NOW

Mr. A. W. C., Willesden Green, writes:— We are more delighted with the Wireless Set than we can find words to express. It is remarkable for the price.'

Mr. J. H., Oxford, writes:—'We have had splendid results. Words could not express the pleasure I have in writing you on such a splendid set.'

Mr. T. E. N., Withington, writes:—'I am delighted with the Wireless Set. Of course I knew beforehand that I should get a bargain, and my hopes were fully upheld.'

GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE SET FOR A.C. MAINS

fitted with finest components, including Iron-cored Radio Frequency Coils, latest pattern Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Beautifully figured Walnut Cabinet. Complete in all respects, Carriage Paid £9:0:0 or 12/- monthly. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of these and other self-contained Radio Sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

£1,100 Won In Crossword Competition No. 242.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following five competitors, who share the £900 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £180 will be sent:—

Miss A. Blackburn, 71, Roper Street, Oldham.
Miss B. Ingham, 2 Henry Street, Clayton, Bradford
Miss C Ryan, Closeyharp, Upper Dromhane, Thurles, Co Tipperary.
R. S. Vivian, 18, Broad Street, Hemel Hempstead, Herts.
Mrs. E. Wallen, 3, Hartington Road, Gloucester.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, January 30th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 290 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive 6s. 11d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6-1 coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above awards, the five competitors who share the First Prize will each receive a Hamper.

Another Splendid X-Word with a FIRST PRIZE of £1,000 and prizes for runners-up appears on Page 36. Try your skill now.

★ **FREE!**

Write to Chivers & Sons, Ltd., (Dept. P. 3), Histon, Cambridge, for Free Recipe Folder. This offer appears in the advt. on p. 24.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (which is less than 2½d. a day) buys this magnificent cycle. You pay more than that in 'bus & tram fares alone. The Graves "FLIGHT" Model is the finest value the world can offer:—Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Set of Accessories. Lady's or Gent's, Carriage Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 now, and 14 monthly payments of 5/2. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue of Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', & Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, &c. Post free

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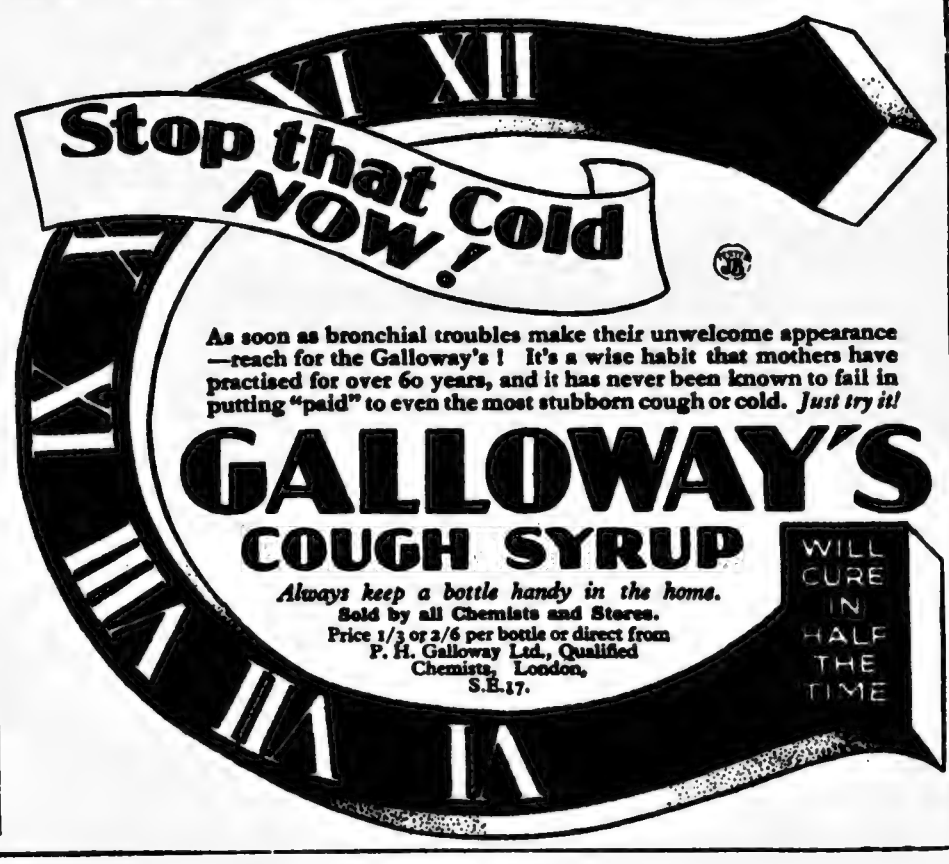
Stop that Cold NOW!
As soon as bronchial troubles make their unwelcome appearance —reach for the Galloway's! It's a wise habit that mothers have practised for over 60 years, and it has never been known to fail in putting "paid" to even the most stubborn cough or cold. Just try it!
GALLOWAY'S
COUGH SYRUP
Always keep a bottle handy in the home.
Sold by all Chemists and Stores.
Price 1/3 or 2/6 per bottle or direct from
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Chemists, London,
S.E.17.
WILL CURE IN HALF THE TIME

GIANT £1,000

NEW X-WORD OFFER... FOUR-FIGURE FORTUNE for this PUZZLE

MONSTER CASH FIRST PRIZE

EXTRA £100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS UP

FURTHER £100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE HAVE RECEIVED TWO 6d. ENTRIES IN SAME ENVELOPE

ADDED AWARDS FOR ALL RUNNERS-UP

SEASON TICKET PROVIDING 80 FREE 6d. ENTRIES TO OUR X-WORD VALUE £2

245

THE First Prize in our Crossword Competition takes an attractive new form this week, for a giant lump sum increased to £1,000 cash is waiting to be won.

Think of the satisfaction of paying this monster sum into the bank and drawing £5, £10, £20, or even more whenever you feel inclined! Consider what a boon it would be to buy your own house or a flourishing business to provide a permanent income.

If you share "John Bull's" view that those who just miss the top prize should be amply rewarded, you will appreciate also the £200 to be divided between Runners-up under the conditions given on right. And notice that this new offer provides for each of them a Bonus Award of 80 free entries in the form of a Crossword Season Ticket.

Remember, this giant Competition lasts for one week only, so you must enter by noon, Thursday, January 25.

JOHN BULL will pay £1,000 for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. A Season Ticket providing 80 Free entries to our Crossword Contest will be added to every Runners-up prize. Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, February 1, and winner in JOHN BULL on sale, Thursday, February 8.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 245—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 25, 1934

JB-245

JB-246

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 245—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 25, 1934

JB-245

JB 246

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

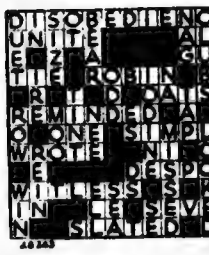
ADDRESS .....

.....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

FREE HELP with "John Bull's" puzzles awaits you in the **Crossword Gazette**. Register on **Bulletin** coupon in "Bullets" page.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 243.



Winners in X-Word No. 242 appear on Page 35. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 243 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Apology for a statesman
6. Rushy plant
7. Consumed
9. Is wielded at the wicket
10. Sticky syrup
15. Remove the cream
16. Light beers
19. Leave off
21. Rubbish
22. Hard-working word
24. What Mother Hubbard's dog had
25. Chinese one is decorative
28. Motor-cars in the 'nineties were this
29. Heroic poem
31. Day of rest
34. Finishes
35. Is fond of chaff
36. Is generally full in winter
37. What caddies often carry

DOWN

1. Mail passes through it
2. Takes space on page of newspaper
3. An intelligent dog will pick these up quickly
4. Grab hold of
5. Is apt to spoil sport
8. Tax-collector knows all about these
11. Regret
12. Stage whisper
13. Small
14. Quick one helps criminal's getaway
17. May describe you, after motor accident
18. Things get mixed up in this
19. Teacher shows to class
20. When doing this, you're going down
21. Time many pubs close
23. Ship's mooring rope
26. Illness makes this go
27. Take away by violence
30. Grows in a pod
32. A large vase
33. Tiny mark

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, January 25.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit **TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS**, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than **TWO ENTRY FORMS** from this page, plus **TWO** from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or misdaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 8. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, February 20, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

JB-246

JB-246

JB-246

JB 246

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

ENTRY FEE

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING See Rule 1.

Address Entry

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORDS No. 245, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

THE EDITOR laughs last

R. L. (Sutton).—"How should one dress in very cold weather?" In great haste.

F. H. Y. (Birmingham).—"I smoke endless cigarettes." How do you light them?

S. D. (Wimbledon).—"Who wants a silk hat these days?" The conjuror.

H. B. (Claydon).—"I take things as they come." And then go?

Mrs. C (Croydon).—"I am much too heavy—how can I lose a few pounds?" Throw them into the fire.

G. M. (Iver).—"What can one do with old gramophone needles?" Some people play old gramophone records with them.

G. N. (Edgware).—"He supports his parents but never brags about it." He keeps dad—and mum.

R. M. (Hereford).—"Digging in the garden just now is no light job." It's a hard world

D. V. H. (Yeovil).—"I recently heard of a man who spent his entire fortune in tracing his family tree." The sap!

V. C (Appledore).—"I'm a thought-reader." That saves us the trouble of printing it then.

G. H. (Birmingham).—"One of our city litt-boys has written a brilliant novel." That boy will surely rise.

WALKING PARSON (Scarborough).—"Is there anywhere where vile men are not speeding furiously?" Yes; the straight and narrow way.

H. F. (Penzance).—"The nurse dropped our boy—happily on the bed—soon after he was born." Perhaps she wanted to see if he really was a bouncing boy.

V. M. (Manchester).—"The average servant will only polish the tops of silver trays." And trust that her mistress will look on the bright side of things.

HORTICULTURIST (Exmouth).—"A plant I wanted specially for the spring is flowering months before its proper time." It's a blooming nuisance.

HUBBY (Liverpool).—"I find there's a snag in marriage, though the wedding is only just over." You'll soon get used to her.

CHARLIE B. (Epsom).—"I used to sell valuable information in the street before the police found out." You were caught napping.

F. H. (Cheltenham).—"In his will, a business man directed that his form of funeral should be decided by the state of his finances at his decease." Making the end justify the means.

D. V. (Canterbury).—"As a business man I have I think, given her ample proof that my love will never fail, but still she hesitates to say 'Yes.'" Perhaps she wants proof that your business will never fail?

MRS. M. (Dundee).—"Although my husband was married before, he never indulges in senseless comparisons." See letter below

J. M. (Dundee).—"I refrain from mentioning my dear first wife to my second. There is simply no comparison between them." See letter above.

H. J. (Frome).—"I would willingly teach my son all I know, but he is always too busy with other things." Can't he even spare you a minute?

REJECTED (Liverpool).—"Having been turned down by my girl I am looking deliberately for a hazardous risk." Try preaching temperance in the United States.

D. A. (York).—"My business is gradually declining, and though I do not wish to deceive people, I want to insert a useful advertisement." Then mention it as a going concern.

D. S. (Perth).—"What do you put on your skin after shaving?" Pieces of cotton wool.

A. V. E. (Stoke).—"How do masseurs live?" Oh, they just rub along.

A. T. (Sutton).—"How can you prevent sea-sickness?" Miss the boat.

D. L. F. (Hucknall).—"My girl's eyes are without parallel." We don't like cross-eyed girls.

NERVOUS (Cardiff).—"I feel I am falling to pieces. What ought I to do?" Pull yourself together.

BARBARA (Sheffield).—"What steps should I take in order to get into a good revue chorus?" Mighty high ones.

Tell Your Friend!

Pass it on to-day. Let him know that JOHN BULL has something extra special in store for every reader. Tell him to order next week's issue to-day!

MAC (Perth).—"All girls should be compelled to keep slim." So that you wouldn't be stung for a box of those fattening chocolates?

F. H. (Small Heath).—"The sexes show equality in history and art." We always thought Adam had a short start historically.

M. P. (Westminster).—"Politicians do not get the place they deserve in this country." No; the British public is renowned for its self-control.

PATRIOT (Portsmouth).—"How can we improve England's position?" Moving it several degrees south would help considerably at this time of the year.

EXPLORER (London, S.W.).—The women of North Borneo all wear hats four feet across." their men folk must have a trying time at local kinemas.

JOHN (Dumbarton).—"Lunatic asylums never cured anybody." You've tried them?

M. M. (Walton).—"I paid my back insurance." Is that for lumbago?

C. T. (York).—"There is one word that is always pronounced incorrectly." Yes. incorrectly.

G. H. (Dulwich).—"If you suffer from insomnia, try sleeping on the edge of the bed." You may drop off then.

BOXER (Blackfriars).—"The first opponent I knocked out was a German." You won Hans down?

LANDLADY (Glasgow).—"I have come to the conclusion that my lodger had better board elsewhere." No doubt he had.

TEACHER (Hendon).—"Hitting boys on the knuckles has little effect." They don't care a rap.

AIR PILOT (Croydon).—"I always take a small flask of whisky with me." To have a nip in the air?

M. T. (Havant).—"Do you believe in having a place for everything." Certainly, but we so seldom remember where it is.

R. M. (Waterford).—"My young lady is a peach." We would remind you that peaches have hearts of stone.

T. B. (Crewe).—"Why do Americans visit Venice so often?" It is easy to make a splash there.

T. E. (Hull).—"It is absurd to say that patience will achieve anything. Will it fill a sieve with water?" Certainly, if you wait for the water to freeze.

M. H. (Camberwell).—"I started as a poultry assistant and now I own a chain of shops." It just shows what pluck can do.

YOUNG IKEY (Aldgate).—"I got a tin of fruit for nothing—and I didn't steal it. Guess how." You pulled a face at the shopman.

TEACHER (Leicester).—"From experience, I know that the application of the cane makes a boy quicker." From experience, we know that it makes him smart!

DOCTOR (Plymouth).—"The best thing a man can do when he is troubled with frazzled nerves is to bury himself in his work." Even if he is a concrete mixer?

J. M. B. (Hammersmith).—"I think I am right in saying that the one-way street is a great help to traffic." There are no two ways about it.

H. W. (Staines).—"My pet hedgehog wanders all over the house." Presumably you have to make quite sure when having a bath that the sponge really is a sponge.

F. G. (Oldbury).—"Many more people are killed by motor-cars than by trams." The latter, of course, suffer from the disadvantage of having to keep to the rails.

G. B. (Kettering).—"Any day now I expect a *Bullets* prize to tumble into my letter-box." Have it enlarged. As a result of this week's Contest we shall be sending off 25 Radio Gramophones, accompanied by cheques from £500 to £2 10s. See page 39.

F. L. (Penzance).—"A certain type of fish turns a deep red at intervals." It probably overhears the remarks of eloquent unsuccessful anglers on the bank.

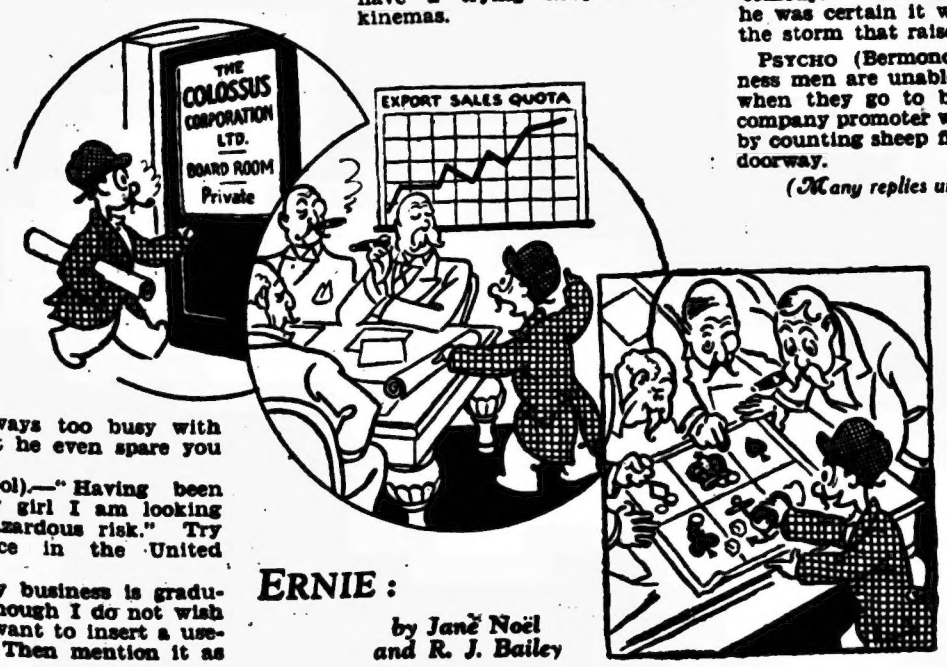
ZOOLOGIST (London, W.).—"The sea lion often stays under water for several hours at a stretch." Personally, if we had a face like a sea lion we'd stay under water for good.

D. C. (Clapham).—"There was an attempt recently to beat the altitude record with a sphere." We were there at the time—yet all the centre-forward had to do was to shoot into the empty net.

G. N. (Plumstead).—"A cyclone blew the top off a theatre in South America during the performance of a musical comedy." The leading comedian says he was certain it was his jokes, and not the storm that raised the roof.

PSYCHO (Bermondsey).—"Lots of business men are unable to forget their work when they go to bed." We know of a company promoter who cures his insomnia by counting sheep filing through his office doorway.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)



ERNIE:

by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

EVERY WOMAN'S DESIRE

is to live by the side of a man in whom she can take pride; one whom she can love, a man whose qualities are MANLY.

Lionel Strongfort, Builder of Men.

EVER since Mankind existed, Women have chosen the brave, energetic personalities—Men who were healthy, clear-sighted, mentally alert, full of Vitality and Power.

IF you are ailing or weak, nervous, without endurance, uncertain, irresolute, without energy or ambition, women will never look upon you as a Real Man. You will lose interest in life and become a Failure. But however bad your condition may be, it is within your power to improve it with my help.

LET ME MAKE A MAN OF YOU

A MAN'S entire happiness depends upon his Vital Power, for it is upon this that his domestic, social, and business successes depend. If a man is not Virile, he is not attractive, magnetic or Popular. His whole career revolves about the axis of Manly Strength. Think what the lack of this Magnetic Power means to YOU. Your male friends avoid you, and womenfolk dislike your company. Put an end to this! No matter what your condition may be—no matter what has caused that condition—don't lose heart! I will help you with

STRONGFORTISM

THE WORLD-FAMOUS INDIVIDUAL METHOD

which will enable you to conquer all the Ailments and weaknesses which now impede you in the Battle of Life. Strongfortism uses no medicines and no apparatus. It gives you resistive Health, Manly Strength and Lasting Endurance.

SEND FOR STRONGFORT'S FREE BOOK

YOU can see all about it in my book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." It contains Truths that will mean more to you than anything else you have ever learned. I want you to read it. It is absolutely free. Just mark the subjects on the free book and consultation coupon on which you want special confidential information and send with 2d. stamps postage, etc. Send for this free book—NOW—TO-DAY.

LIONEL STRONGFORT INSTITUTE
(Dept. 293), LONDON, S.W.16

Lionel Strongfort Institute, Dept. 293, London S.W.16. Please send, without obligation, my free copy of "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength, and Mental Energy." I enclose 2d. stamps for postage. I have put (X) in four subject(s) about which I would like Free Confidential Advice.

.....Energy & Strength	.....Rheumatism
.....Catarrh & Colds	.....Constipation
.....General Debility	.....Nervousness
.....Increased Height	.....Indigestion
.....Skin Disorders	.....Short Wind
.....Despondency	.....Thinness
.....Rd. Shoulders	.....Mus. Development

Other Ailments .....

Name.....

Occupation..... Age.....

Street .....

Town .....

County .....

Rheumatism Swollen Joints

HERE IS A QUICK-ACTING REMEDY

Rheumatic twinges, what maddening pains they cause . . . Joints stiff and swollen, muscles burning, screaming out in pain . . . Days one long torture, nights sleepless and miserable, all because of faulty kidney action.

In your blood are evil influences at work that are fighting every second against your health. Poisons and impurities will soon cripple you, leaving you, perhaps bed-ridden, exhausted with pain. Why will you suffer any longer when De Witts Pills are ready to bring you relief? They will soon help the kidneys back to health and your pains will disappear. In 24 hours from the first dose you will see how they act on the kidneys.

Go to your chemist to-day. Ask for and be sure you get De Witts Kidney and Bladder Pills. There is nothing that so quickly ends rheumatism, urinary disorders, backache, kidney weakness.

DE WITTS BRAND
Kidney and Bladder PILLS

Sold only in the blue, white and gold boxes, price 3/-. Larger, more economical size, 5/-.

GENUINELY REDUCED FROM 13/6 TO 9/9

Either MB. 40 . . .
Distinctive Oxford style with closed front as in illustration. Strongly made of durable leather. In Tan Willow or Black Box Calf.

Or MB. 41 . . .
Fashionable Derby shape with open front. Especially suitable for winter wear. Medium toe. In Tan Willow or Black Box Calf.

. . . whichever you prefer on approval for 1/- deposit. Take advantage of this marvellous offer to-day. There is sure to be a big demand for our limited stock. Sizes 5 to 11.

ONLY 1/- DEPOSIT

MENS SHOES BARGAIN COUPON

Please send me on approval at the present Bargain Price of 9 9, one pair Shoes.

Size required.....

Style.....

Black or Tan.....

I enclose 1/- deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/-.

Enclose Coupon with Full Name and Address and Postal Order crossed thus / /.

Overseas & Irish Free State, full cash only.

Post your Order to:—
AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 609, Ambron House, 60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

John Bull 20/1/34. No. 609

6 GRAMOPHONE Records YOURS FOR DEPOSIT OF 1/-

You can obtain SIX Ambron "Sterno" Gramophone Records immediately from our fine range for less than half you would pay for one Record a week in the ordinary way. We supply six double-sided 10in. Records to choice for 2/- First payment 1/- only, then 2/- monthly. Send for Lists of Gramophones, Records, etc., on these easy terms to
AMBROSE WILSON Ltd., 609, Ambron House, 60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

FREE

PSORIASIS

ALL SKIN DISEASES and BAD LEGS.

Sufferers should write to us at once, when

ONE WEEK'S FREE TREATMENT

will be sent with our Booklet of Testimonials, telling of the wonderful cures of skin diseases we have made, when other treatments have failed. Send 3d. in stamps for postage and packing.

Address: Dept. 17, TOM WARD, Ltd., *Medical Skin Specialists*, BRADFORD, YORKS.

Also 573, CHESTER ROAD, OLD TRAFFORD, MANCHESTER.

GRAVES 'LUXURY' BALE

Two super quality White All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped ends. 8½ x 6ft x 88in. Weight 7½lb per pair.
Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends. 60 x 80in. 4lb.
Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets. 70 x 90in. 4½lb pr.
One Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt 75 x 94in.
One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54in.
Two Pure White Pillow Cases. Size 20in x 30in.
One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60in.
IMPORTANT.—As extra advantage we includea 16 PIECE CUTLERY SERVICE, made in our own Sheffield Factory—6 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons. Will wear like silver, white all through.

The Complete Bale, including the 16-Piece Cutlery Service. Carriage Paid. Price £3
TERMS: 5/- MONTHLY
CATALOGUES POST FREE
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

NEVER NEGLECT ANÆMIA

A Warning You Should Heed.

So serious is the havoc wrought by anæmia to many girls in this country that a warning is necessary to every girl who finds herself assailed by depressing weakness, with a feeling as though every spark of energy had deserted her, frequent headaches or backaches, and a dislike for food.

If neglected, anæmia leads to even more serious mischief, and a decline almost beyond treatment may result unless prompt measures are taken. Although anæmia does not readily yield to ordinary medicines, there is one effective natural treatment that has brought back the priceless gift of health to thousands of sufferers—girls who were once pale, languid and listless, but are now hearty, vigorous and full of the joy of life.

That treatment consists of a course of Dr. Williams brand pink pills, which have the special power of creating new rich blood. This new blood quickly banishes anæmia and imparts the rosy bloom of health to pinched pale cheeks. So take a course of these pills now and see how quickly they will impart new life and vitality to your whole system.

You can now buy the world-famous Dr. Williams Brand Pink Pills from any chemist at 1s. 3d. a box (large size 3s. 6d.). This remarkable blood enricher and nerve tonic is thus brought within the reach of all sufferers.

STOMACH TROUBLE

Mr. A. WOOD, 13, Elliot Rd., Prince Rock, Plymouth, writes: "I had two operations on the Stomach for **Ulcers.** After leaving Hospital the **Ulcers** returned, and for six years I have not known what it was to enjoy a meal and every two to four hours I was in terrible pain. I determined to give Vitadatio a trial and from the very first day I am eating and thoroughly enjoy three good meals a day, and have not had the slightest pain or discomfort."

Vitadatio

The world-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood-purifier—invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. If you are a sufferer—**do not despair, Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. There is no substitute for Vitadatio. GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY!**
Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in U.K.). Special 21/- bottles, for export only, post free from—
VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

Thick, Strong Wavy New Hair

Co. KILKENNY.
Before using Kotalko **my hair was very weak and falling out in combfuls** until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. **Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger.** This improvement continued, and the hair is **now thick and lustrous and is a thick mass of waves and more healthy looking.**
M. J. MURPHY.

Are YOU Losing Hair?

Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using Kotalko. It re-grows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling scurf and poisonous and malodorous grease, softening the hardening scalp, and restoring its healthful circulation and reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or entirely bald, use or copy the coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
9, Percy Street, (53.k.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO, and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

HIS ROAD TO HAPPINESS

"TWO bonny children, a happy wife, a comfortable home and a regular job!" That, as he thankfully tells JOHN BULL to-day, sums up the happy position of Mr. S. J. Sellars, 93, St. Luke's Road, Bedminster, Bristol.

In that happy home of his, one of Mr. Sellar's most treasured possessions is a creased and finger-marked telegram. From that wonderful message he received one Friday sprang all the blessings he recounts to-day.

Let us turn back to the calendar to the time when Mr. Sellars was a young bachelor, living with his parents at 13, Sargent Street, Bedminster.

Though engaged to the only girl in the world, family illness and meagre wages made marriage no more than something far ahead to be worked and waited for.

Then a little something happened. It seemed unimportant at the time, but it changed his whole life. His fiancée introduced him to her brother-in-law. And he, in turn, introduced Mr. Sellars to —*Bullets*!

It was not long before this young bachelor was busy each week with his entry for our Contest. A "Target" prize brought him early encouragement. Afterwards followed 18 blank months without any further success, but Mr. Sellars still went on with his *Bullets*.

"Then one evening we entered a kinema," he recalls. "Part of the programme was a variety turn, and I was struck by the chorus of a song with the words *When Things Go Wrong*. A few months later those very words appeared as an *Example* in *Bullets*," Mr. Sellars goes on. "Immediately that song came back to me, so down on paper went the words, *Don't Make A Song*. A few minutes' polishing produced the *Bullet*, WHEN THINGS GO WRONG—SING—DON'T 'MAKE SONG,' for which I received the handsome First Prize of £300."

That was many, many months ago. But Mr. Sellars will never forget the thrill of dashing round to his fiancée's home with the wonderful news. "I wanted to shout," he admits, "and tell the world what I had won!"

Next Week's Mighty New Prize

£3,000

CASH, PLUS FULLY PAID

£1,000 LIFE POLICY

A few days later came the pleasant problem of using his prize-money. After presents to his mother and the rest of his family, he relates, Mr. Sellars set about making a home of his own. "Everything in our house," are his words, "was bought out of my *Bullets* cheque."

"For a honeymoon we had a glorious holiday in Devon," he concludes. "Then back we came to settle down to married life".

Glance at the happy Sellars family above and dwell for a moment on what that £300 *Bullets* cheque has meant to its winner and his wife. Then think of what to-day's fine £500-plus-Radio Gramophone prize would mean to you.

If you want your name on that thrilling First Prize telegram, see that some good *Bullets* from you are in by Saturday, January 27.

£817 10s. CASH AND 100 HAMPERS AWARDED!

FIRST PRIZE OF £500 AND 50-GUINEA RADIO GRAMOPHONE.
COMPETITION NO. 920.

Mr. W. T. HUMPHREYS, 21, Whitehead Road, Aston, Birmingham.

Example:—REDEEMING FEATURE
Bullet:—"SEARCH" CRIMINAL FOR *That*!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. SHEWAN, 2, Home Cottages, Forest Hall, Northumberland.
Example:—Dawn Of Hope
Bullet:—Visible—We've "Moved Mountains."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. E. G. MARSHALL, 53, Christchurch Road, Southend-on-Sea.
Example:—Our Cook
Bullet:—Another "Character" We've Lost.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5:

T. W. ASHTON, 92, Percy Street, West Hartlepool.
In Poverty's Prison—Yet "Our Gang" Happy.

J. BLUNDELL, 23, Sinclair Avenue, Prescot, Lancs.
Dawn Of Hope—Work Meant—Murk Went.

Miss E. EVANS, Castle Hotel, Haverfordwest.
Merciless—To Miser, *His* "God."

Mrs. EVELEIGH, 10, Christchurch Terrace, Cheltenham.
Last Year—"Jumpy," But Employment "Leaped."

E. V. DOWD, 9, Diamond Road, Middlesbrough.
Unwelcome Visitor—Sat On—Sits On!

W. J. HUISH, 46, Moss Hall Grove, Finchley, N.
Unwelcome Visitor—She Brings "Mud" In.
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

J. E. JONES, 8, Phœnix Street, Northampton.
Huge Joke—Sandy's Economy—Not Mac's!

Mrs. M. PENNELL, 1, Dungay Terrace, Kingstown, Co. Dublin.
In Poverty's Prison—Many "Taught Criminals' Trade."

T. E. WALTERS, 760, Hessle Road, Hull.
Good Omen—Fewer Finding Friday Unlucky.

F. YELLAND, 37, Elmfield Road, Bromley, Kent.
Redeeming Feature—Sonny's Report—"School Reopens——"

10 PRIZES OF £3:

D. APPLEBY, 5, Shield Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
To Reach The Top—*Purpose* Of *Singleness* Sometimes.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

M. BECKLEY, 10, Wellington Road, Maidenhead.
Vacant Place—Father's—Publican "Fears Disaster."

J. CAMERON, 33, Comely Bank Street, Edinburgh.
Rich Or Poor—Food, Provides Doctor's "Meat."

A. C. CATTLE, 41, Bromwall Road, Billesley, Birmingham.
Contentedly—Awaiting "Armchair"—Lost Stool.

G. S. DARLOW, 139, Graham Road, Sheffield.
Avalanche Of Bills—Announces Sales—And Follows!

Rev. R. E. GAYE, Skeyton Rectory, Swanton Abbot, Norwich.
Last Year—Hastened My "Last Years."

T. HAY, Holt Cottage, Noke Lane, St. Albans.
Avalanche Of Bills—Became Touring Company's 'Snow-storm"!

S. G. HOLMES, 379, Wellington Road, Heaton Chapel, Stockport.
Falling Ash—Missus *Hears* It!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

L. KEAR, 17, Bridge Street, Port Talbot.
Doting Mamma—Made Sonny's Names "Sentence."

G. WARWICK, "Good Hope," 20, Wallace Avenue, Worthing.
Unwelcome Visitor—Eyes, "Gimlets"—Tongue, "Rasp."

A list of 100 winners of a Hamper and £1 cash and 500 winners of 2s. 6d. and 52 issues of "Bullets Bulletin" can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

£1,500
OFFER OF CASH AND RADIO GRAMOPHONES
£50 PLUS RADIO GRAM
£25 PLUS RADIO GRAM
£20 PLUS RADIO GRAM
£10 PLUS RADIO GRAM
10 PRIZES OF £5 PLUS RADIOGRAM
10 PRIZES OF £2·10 PLUS RADIOGRAM
OTHER PRIZES . . . . . 25 of £1...500 of 26...2,000 'RED SEAL TARGET'...8,000 TARGETS
'BULLETS' FINE 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE £500 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE
MONSTER ONE-WEEK CONTEST CLOSING SAT., JAN. 27
26 GUINEAS IS THE PRICE OF THESE 25 MAGNIFICENT "PYE" RADIO GRAMOPHONES, SUPPLIED FOR ALL-MAINS OR BATTERY OPERATION. TO COVER LICENCE AND RECORDS EACH IS ACCOMPANIED BY . . . . . BONUS OF £2
924.

25 Great Opportunities Wind Up Monster Month!

TO-DAY JOHN BULL announces the great closing offer of *Bullets* Monster Month. And you will see that its £1,500 worth of sensations are to echo melodiously for many months to come in the homes of 25 "Bulleteers."

As the First Prize-winner, your huge 2-in-1 reward for a few words would be £500 cash *and* a magnificent 26-Guinea Radio Gramophone. The same glorious instrument, fit for a millionaire's mansion, will be added to each of this week's 25 chief cheques.

Finally, to crown your success, JOHN BULL will add to your Radio Gramophone and cheque a £2 Bonus to provide a Wireless Licence and a stock of your favourite Records. So the *Bullets* "Big 25" this week consists of prizes all value over £30!

To have 25 such opportunities in a one-week Contest demands a concentrated attack on the prize-list, so get busy this evening on the entertaining job of making up *Bullets*.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

TO make a *Bullet*, all you have to do is to add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* given.

Build your efforts by easy stages. For instance, against the *Example*, BRITANNIA'S SERVANTS, you might first jot down the rough note, *Work Hard For Little Money*. By carefully seeking better wording for that idea you could readily improve it into the finished *Bullet*, "BRITANNIA'S SERVANTS—WOULD *Welcome* MORE DUST."

Nothing could be more helpful to a would-be winner than a study of *Bullets* which have already captured big prizes: so for your further guidance, study carefully the winning efforts in Competition No 920 which appear on the opposite page.

Having studied these, you are ready to go ahead with your own *Bullets* for this week's Monster Cash and Radio Gramophone Offer. And remember that your entry must be in by Saturday, January 27.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

EXAMPLE	BULLET
BRINGS HAPPINESS	
BRITANNIA'S SERVANTS	
GUARDING THE DOOR	
PEACE AND SECURITY	
PLEASE, MR. CHANCELLOR	
IN BRIEF	
ALL	
NATIONAL HERO	
IN EVERY HOME	
SHE'S UPSET, SO	
THE TRAVELLER	
COLD AND HUNGRY	
BABY NEEDS	
TOLL OF THE ROAD	
FAR MORE	
TO BEAT THE RECORD	
WAY TO GO	
BRIGHTER OUTLOOK	
HER DARLING	
EASY	
HONEST MAN	
GIANT SUCCESS	
IN THE WRONG	
NOW'S THE TIME TO	
WON'T DO	
OFFICE DONKEY	
MEEKLY	
SUFFERING IN SILENCE	
COMFORTING THOUGHT	
WELL-PAID JOB	
TO PLEASE AUNTIE	
HIS WORK	
HE MET HIS MATCH AND	
SWANK	
SOON FORGOTTEN	
WHAT THE PHILANTHROPIST SAID	

8 PAGES OF FREE HELP!

"I owe my prize to the help of *Bullets Bulletin*." These are no empty words that come in letter after letter acknowledging big *Bullets* prizes. You will realise that as soon as you see a copy of JOHN BULL'S free weekly budget of *Bullets* hints and encouragement.

Comments on efforts that missed the mark and ideas to avoid are amongst its absorbing regular features, to which a thrilling new £2 "*Bullets* Football" Contest has now been added.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(*Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

MAKE YOUR ENTRY ON THESE COUPONS

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(924) Closing SAT., Jan. 27 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed ..... Address .....

Bullets must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(924) Closing SAT., Jan. 27 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(924) Closing SAT., Jan. 27 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed ..... Address .....

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(924) Closing SAT., Jan. 27 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed ..... Address .....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

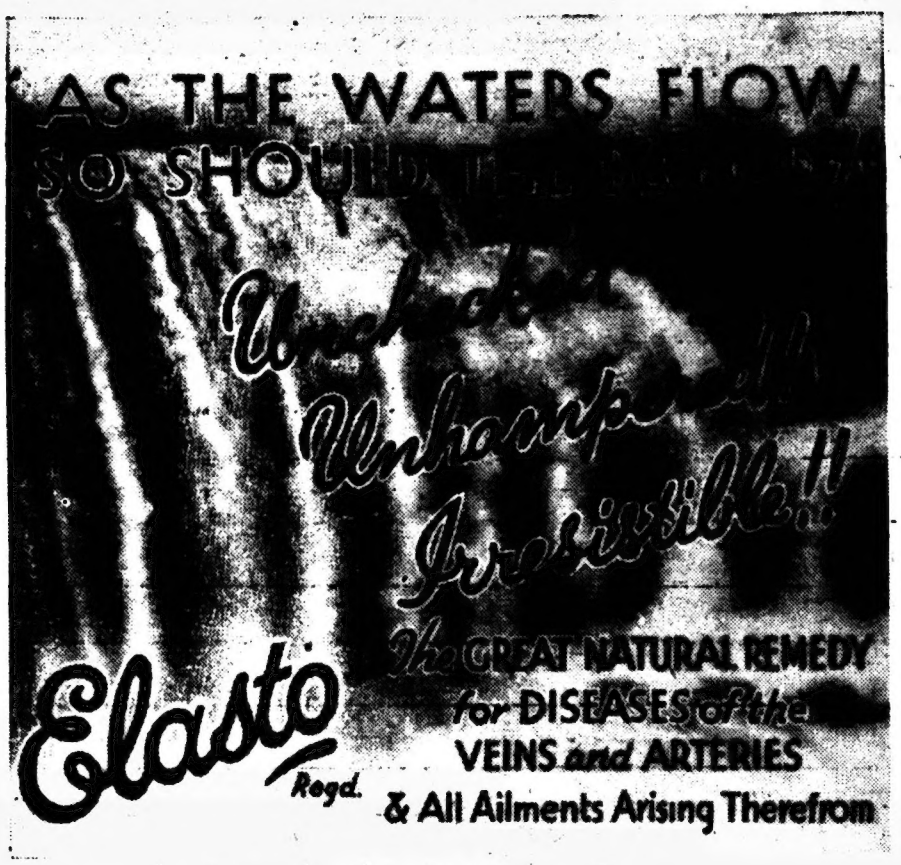
NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 924 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 924, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

GIANT 2-IN-1 FIRST AND 1,934 NEW PRIZES NEXT WEEK!

A GOOD CIRCULATION MEANS SOUND HEALTH



Stagnation Means Decay.

Some of the most painful and distressing ailments that afflict mankind are the direct results of poor or sluggish circulation of the blood. Take for example that very common disability, varicose veins. Here we have one of the physical consequences of cell-starvation, a weakening of the vein walls and of the surrounding tissues due to an impoverished blood supply brought about by a stagnating blood stream, or, in other words, bad circulation. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building and for the removal of toxic and acid waste materials, and health MUST result. That means take Elasto, for this is precisely what Elasto is designed to do; it is actually what Elasto does, surely and effectively, by a method new to curative science.

ELASTO, the wonderful blood substance, which positively must be present in the blood to ensure complete health, is now known to be the active principle which controls the healing properties of the blood.

Such troubles as varicose veins, varicose ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, phlebitis, thrombosis, piles, prolapsus, varicocele, rheumatism, hardened arteries, and relaxed conditions in any part of the body are directly traceable to degeneration of tissue-cells resulting from a deficiency of this vitalising principle in the blood. These ailments will not respond to ordinary treatment; to effect a cure it is essential to remove the cause of the weakness, whether local or general, and this can only be done by making good the deficiency in the blood. Elasto, the great blood revitalizer, does this, surely and effectively, with results that often appear miraculous.

You Naturally Ask—What Is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins and arteries and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health!*

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological treatment which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming diseased conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective treatment ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific treatment which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect. *Elasto saves you time, worry, suffering and expense.*

What Users Of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"Wonderfully active at 80."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Worked wonders; legs quite clear."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins completely gone."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
"Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering. Age 66."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"Elasto should be more widely known to the public."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"I would like to recommend Elasto to all sufferers."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."

These extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves, the extraordinary health-restoring powers of this wonderful new blood treatment—Elasto. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Not Magic, But Acts Like It! ***Beware of Imitations!***

Here is Your Great Opportunity!

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Treatment

Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Treatment. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD., (Dept. 15D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Trial Sample of Elasto The Great Blood Revitalizer.

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co. Ltd.
(Dept. 15,D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto Treatment cures through the blood.

(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

My Ailment is .....

John Bull, 20.1.34

Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!

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A59